

no 58 the magazine of cinema & television fantasy 95p

STARBUCKS™

in this issue

THE KEEP

A WARTIME HORROR FABLE

RICHARD MARQUAND

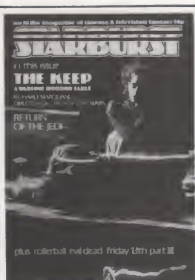
DIRECTOR OF THE NEW STAR WARS

RETURN
OF THE JEDI

plus: rollerball evil dead friday 13th part III



THE KEEP



Special thanks to creative consultant
Dee Crosby for his help with this cover

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STARBURST

STARBURST LETTERS 4

OUR READERS WRITE ABOUT SYBIL
DANNING, RETURN OF THE JEDI, VIDEO
COVERAGE AND THE STARBURST ANNUAL.

THINGS TO COME 6

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT... AND
A FEW ITEMS THAT AREN'T, COURTESY OF
OUR GLOBETROTTING NEWSROUND
TONY CRAWLEY.

TWENTY QUESTIONS 10



IN THE FIRST OF AN IRREGULAR SERIES, WE
TALK TO JESSICA HARPER, STAR OF
SUSPIRIA, PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE
AND SHOCK TREATMENT.

STARBURST SF CLASSIC 12



THIS MONTH'S CLASSIC IS THE 1975
NORMAN JEWISON FILM ROLLERBALL...

THE JEDI INTERVIEW 19



STARBURST QUIZZES DIRECTOR RICHARD
MARQUAND ABOUT THE LATEST IN THE
STAR WARS SERIES, RETURN OF THE JEDI.

PREVIEW: THE KEEP 24



A SPECIAL ADVANCE LOOK AT A NEW \$11
MILLION HORROR OFFERING, DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL MANN.

THE STARBURST QUIZ 32

YOUR CHANCE TO TEST YOUR METTLE
AGAINST THE STARBURST TEAM. PRIZES FOR
THE WINNING ENTRIES.

EVIL DEAD INTERVIEW 36

TOM SULLIVAN, MAKEUP MAN ON THE EVIL
DEAD, REVEALS SOME OF HIS SPECIAL
EFFECTS TRICKS AND REVEALS HOW HE
GOT AROUND THE PROBLEM OF THE
MOVIE'S SMALL BUDGET.

FRIDAY 13TH-3D 38

THE THIRD IN THE SERIES — THIS TIME
FILMED IN THREE DIMENSIONS. AN EYBALL
IN YOUR LAP?

TV ZONE 40

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN RICHARD HOLLISS'
ONGOING TELEVISION CHRONICLES.

VIDEO FILE 41

OUR NEWEST REGULAR FEATURE — WILL
YOU WELCOME, PLEASE, MR BARRY
FORSHAW!

IT'S ONLY A MOVIE 42

OR SO JOHN BROSNAN TELLS US. MORE
MOVIE COMMENTRY FROM OUR RESIDENT
WIZARD OF OZ.

BOOK WORLD 43

CHRIS CHARLES LOOKS AT SOME OF THE
NEW FANTASY BOOKS, INCLUDING THE
STORIES OF RAY BRADBURY — I AND II.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT 44



THE FIRST IN AN ONGOING SERIES ABOUT
HAUNTED HOUSE MOVIES. THIS MONTH,
ROBERT WISE'S THE HAUNTING.

LETTERS

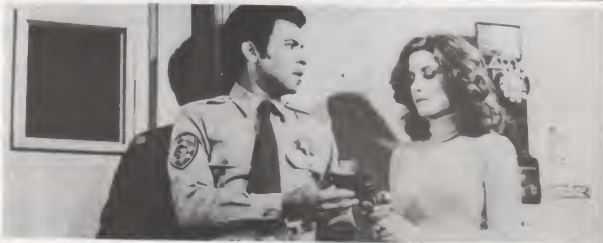


REQUEST TIME

Is it possible for you to include in your next issue photos from the film *Assault on Precinct 13* because it was a brilliant film and I think other readers will see what I mean.

Stefan Radburn (age 11)
Farnborough
Kent.

While it isn't fantasy, we believe in providing a service for our readers. Hope you enjoy the pictures, Stefan.



FULCI FAN

When I bought *Starburst* 48, the (infamous) Zombie issue, I noticed on the cover that there was to be retrospective looks at *Night of the Living Dead* and *Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue*. However, when I came to inspect said issue there was indeed a look at *Night of the Living Dead* (zzz!) and only about twenty lines on *Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue*. Nary mention of George, Edna nor Inspector McCormack was there.

Also there was no review of Lucio Fulci's *The House by the Cemetery* although there have been whispers of it in other reviews and a still from it on the cover of 48 (featuring nice old Jacob Freudstein and the badly dubbed Bob).

So why no reviews? And why isn't *The House by the Cemetery* getting the wide release it should? (I finally tracked it down in Bexleyheath, doubling with Mario Bava's *Schock*).

I think we should be told.

Mark Whitegeod,
Reeding,
Berkshire.

While we can't claim any responsibility for keeping *The House by the Cemetery* off the cinema circuits, we could make up a review of the movie for any one interested. But only if our readers promise not to start the *Great Gore Controversy* all over again!

WE WANT JEDI!

I know *Starburst* tries very hard to cater for everyone's taste but I feel, like many of my friends, the articles (only some) are not to my particular taste.

If it would not be too much trouble I would like, very much, for you to bring us up to date of the latest film from the *Ster Wars* series. I believe it is called *Revenge of the Jedi*.

Could you also tell me where I can get in touch with Mark Hamill (Luke Skywalker). I would be very grateful if you could help me.

Miss S. Martin
Rothwell,
Leeds.

An update on Return of the Jedi is included in this issue in the form of an interview with the director Richard Marquand. Can't get much more "from the horse's mouth" than that! On the subject of supplying stars' addresses, we get many letters from readers wanting to drop a friendly line to

Harrison Ford or Caroline Munro. Sometimes we know the relevant addresses, sometimes we don't. Either way, we feel that the stars treasure their privacy - otherwise they'd make a point of being listed in the phone-book or advertising their addresses. So here's a message for all the address-seekers out there:

Starburst does not give out addresses for stars, film studios, fan organisations, Steven Spielberg or John Brosnan. There are no exceptions to this rule, so please don't waste a stamp in asking us. Sorry, but that's the way it has to be.

STARBURST ANNUAL

This letter comes all the way from New Zealand, which I hope some of you have heard of. (You know, it's the little one beside Australia). I'm sorry if some of my comments seem outdated but in NZ we get *Starburst* a few months late.

I have been buying your magazine since issue six and find it excellent. *Starburst* costs me \$2.83, so I was horrified to see the "Starburst - Classics of the Horror Film" Annual, with a British price of £2.50, on sale for \$10. Nevertheless, I was hooked on *Starburst* enough to buy it.

I thought there was far too much material about the early horror films in it, with as many pages on the Thirties as on the Fifties, Sixties and Seventies combined. Yes, I know that the films of the Thirties were much better than the drivel being churned out today, but you didn't need to overdo it.

I didn't agree with Alan Murdoch's opinion that *The Haunting* was ponderous and pretentious, though he did admit that it had some good moments. I saw the film on tv and found it a very effective piece of horror.

I had similar feelings (though more so) towards *The Legend of Hell House* but Murdoch didn't seem very enthusiastic about that either.

I was also disappointed with the mention of only *Alien* among the horror boom of the late Seventies. Sure, *Alien* was good but there have been a few others worth mentioning (*An American Werewolf in London*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *The Howling*).

But other than those criticisms, I found *Classics of the Horror Film* a very readable and nicely presented book.

Ian Pryor,
Hamilton,
New Zealand.
(To the right of Australia)

Alan Murdoch replies: "Through the courtesy of our editor, I have the chance to re-evaluate *The Haunting* in this very issue. I still stand by my comment that it is overlong and telly, but these criticisms tend to pale in the face of the overall quality of Wise's film. And as for American Werewolf and *The Howling*, these are Eighties films and therefore inaffordable. I didn't mention the *Body Snatcher* remake because I was only covering *Classics*. The original was a brilliant piece of sf/horror but Kaufman's remake was a rambling, nonsensical, artsy mess with neat special effects. If you don't agree, I'm sorry, but I think the classics shouldn't be remade unless they can be improved on - and if they can be improved on, then they weren't really classics in the first place, no?"

SUGGESTIONS

I do not think you have shown enough involvement in the video boom. I know that you have reviewed several video releases, but his had been spasmodic and lacking in depth. There are numerous "unknown" films available in the video hire shops (the majority of these I assume to be of little value) but one or two may be very good and your reviews could help to highlight these, as well as warning us about the rubbish.

Also, it would be interesting to see features on such topics as pioneer filmmakers, the Italian horror film or the Russian science fiction film.

Finally, can I say that I have been a devoted fan of your publication since issue 33, but issue 52 was the worst of all time.

Keiron Boote,
Stoke on Trent,
Staffs.

If you have a root around in this issue you will find a new, monthly video column compiled by our newest contributor, Berry Forshaw. We think that this will suit your purposes admirably. The idea of Italian horror movies sounds good. We'll give this one some thought.

BRAVO

I must congratulate you on your excellent magazine. I never cease to be amazed at how much earlier your print previews concerning upcoming films compared to other film journals: witness *Krull*...

Ronan A. Kane,
Drogheda,
Ireland.



S-S-SYBIL!

I would just like to thank you for the interview with Sybil Danning in *Starburst* 54. I have been a fan of hers since I first was *Operation Thunderbolt* four or five years ago and it has always amazed me that, despite starring in so many films, she remained almost unknown until St Emini rocketed in from *Beyond the Stars*.

Perhaps the thing that attracts me most about her is that she manages to look so different, but so beautiful, in each of her movies. Just look at the collage of pictures on pages 16 and 17.

I look forward to seeing more of Sybil in future issues of *Starburst*.

Although I realise you will not be able to give precise information, I was wondering if you could tell me how I could get a signed picture of Sybil.

James Fox,
6 Stamford Rd.,
West Bridgford,
Nottingham.

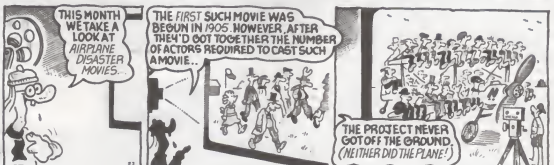
As you can see James, we've included your full address. We hope you're reading this, Sybil.

I'd like to say that the Sybil Danning interview in *Starburst* 54 was absolutely ace. The interview as a whole was so relaxed and off the cuff that my attention was kept throughout. Well, done Tony Crawley and Sybil Danning for a great feature.

Neil Roberts,
Caerphilly,
South Wales.

FLICKERS

tim quinn
&
dicky howett



HITCH HIKER'S GUIDE TO HOLLYWOOD

Another triumph for Auntie Beeb. And our Doug Adams, of course. *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* is going to Hollywood... Columbia Pictures, the CE3K company—and yes, also the studio which turned down *E.T.*—has made a deal with Douglas Adams for all his *Hitchhiker* material. Ivan Reitman is going to produce the movie version. As of this date and late hour, with the deadline breathing down my neck, that's all I have. Whether Reitman is going to Hitch, animation-style, as he did with *Heavy Metal*, for example, is yet to be divulged.

2010 CONT'D

So was Steve Spielberg the "major director" MGM was talking to about the 2007 sequel...? No, I think it's safe to assume, he wasn't. My latest news from Lao The Lion's grapevine is that MGM boss Freddie Fields (Spielberg's one-time agent in 1973) has, in fact, been talking sequel-turkey with the man Stanley Kubrick would most like to see making 2010: *Odyssey Two*. And that man is... probably the best Australian director around, Peter Weir.

Kubrick's been a staunch fan and supporter of Weir for some years and nearly engineered his Hollywood debut with *The Thornbirds* book until that deal fell apart at the seams and became a tele-mini-series with Rachel Ward. He got to make his MGM debut with *The Year of Living Dangerously*, instead—Mel Gibson's newbie.

Peter Weir, for the uninitiated—and there's not too many of that particular animal out there in Readerland, I must say—made the biggest two Aussie films of recent years, *Picnic At Hanging Rock* (1975) and *Galipoli* (1981). In the fantasy vein he made *The Last Wave* (1977) and the off-beat *The Cars That Ate Paris* (1974) and if you missed that on Channel 4, Four a few months back, go see it—buy or rent it for your video. It's one of the most novel films from down-under until *Mad Max* accelerated into our consciousness. It's what you might call a genuine Peter Weiride.

KUBRICK'S SECRET

And why isn't Kubrick directing 2010, himself, anyway? Because he doesn't like repeating himself. And because he's hard at work planning his re-entry into movie science fiction by another route. As he lets Peter Weir drive up Arthur C. Clarke Award, Stan-the-man is moving into top gear along Brian Aldiss Crescent...

Naturally, the entire enterprise is shrouded in dark secrecy. But I do hear—and from a brand new source to this column; most trustworthy, otherwise I wouldn't give the story house room—that Kubrick and Aldiss are cooking up something based in part, that is to say on the best parts, of three Aldiss short stories. The idea is to weave a man vs robot yarn out of *Super Toys*, *Last All Summer Long*, *All the World's Fears* and

Who Can Replace A Man?

I'll be fascinated to see what title they come up with from those three, let alone what film story.

MATHESON'S YEAR

Tie up with Spielberg, it seems, and you're made. Certainly, Richard Matheson has not been so busy for years. He hasn't been on screen since Jeannot Szwarc made his *Somewhere In Time* story in 1980. This year, Matheson has written three of the four *Twilight Zone* scripts for Spielberg's production and has one other big movie, a twenty-hour tv mini-series and a surprise re-issue in the works.

The film is *What Dreams May Come*, from Matheson's book about life after death and, in fact, a trip right down into Hell, itself. The ABC-tv mini, un-named for the moment, stems from a 200-page treatment from Matheson (yes, a treatment of 200 pages, not a script as yet). The subject is psychic and extra-terrestrial phenomena. Both film and tele-project are part of the latest batch of delights for 20th Century-Fox being made by the production company of... you'll never believe this... Lucille Ball and her husband, Gary Morton. (Told you!)

And the re-issue, well, where Spielberg more than Matheson is concerned, that could best be described as the...

START OF IT ALL

Well, well, wheddyerknow... Universal Pictures is testing the possibilities of finally releasing Steven Spielberg's classic tele-movie, *Duel*, into American cinemas... a full dozen years after the event. Although the film was released in Euro-theatres, and became the making of Steven Spielberg as a new director to watch, it was always restricted to the tube, Stateside. So, I suppose, it's something of a (very) belated thank-you gift to Spielberg, for *Jaws* and *E.T.* and, like, let's forget about 1971, huh, Steve. To say nothing of making up for the studio's horrendous theft of twelve minutes of the lorry vs car chase in an *Incredible Hulk* episode in 1978.

Apparently, the new American print is slightly longer than the already extended Euro-release version. American readers of my recent Spielberg saga should not need reminding that if they look carefully, very, very, carefully, they'll catch a glimpse of Spielberg directing Dennis Weaver from the back seat of his hounded Valiant. He was framed out of the picture by the 1.33:1 tv aspect, but he's visible—if you know where to look on the full-size 1.65:1 screen. Keep watching the sides!

E.T.C.

It continues, of course. In the Americas, the thingle with the bear-barrel-polka body has now earned \$337,456,254 after about 36 weeks and *E.T.* is far from over yet. As for abroad, well, while France surprisingly soon had enough of it, Italy



has gone *E.T.* crazy. And in Japan, Spielberg took five weeks only to score \$47 million throughout the country and beat his own *Jaws* as the nation's biggest ever hit. That's a lot of yen.

TALENT KROUT

Californian artist and photographer Curvin Kroat—no kidding!—is also a bit of a talent scout. When Bo Derek's *Tarzan* campy came out in 1981, Curvin took out a small ad in the Film City trade papers, praising Miles O'Keefe as the first actor to portray a super hero with the right "physical perfection aesthetically defined as the artist's drawing." He thought Miles should be Terzan again and win other top roles. Too.

Now the talent Kroat has fallen for a new hunk of beefcake. His newest ad tells movie-makers that Jon-Erik Hexum, star of America's new *Dr Who* cum *Time Bandits* TV series, *Voyagers!* would be the ideal screen Adonis in any flick about ancient Greece. Kroat says Hexum is "a throwback to the larger-than-life photographic star quality of the screen's golden era, with a fantastic voice and strong acting talent..."

Yes, but has he ever seen Ronnie Corbett?

CORMAN THE CLONIAN

Relenting, at last, from his non-stop *Alien* re-treads, Roger Corman's latest *New World* release, the oldie world *Sorceress*, is the first (?) of his *Conan*

rips. Or nips, judging by the number of times his shapely twin stars, Leigh and Lynette Harris, strip off their tweeds. Well, they're a bit marked at being raised as lads, you see, and only want to show themselves off as self-raising flowers. They do so in many odd ways. When one girl is being ravished, in the way damsels were in bolden times, the other one... er... that is to say... er... reacts. It's all fearfully bad stuff, I'm afraid. No wonder Corman sold his company. Bob Nelson's musclebound hero sounds like he's testing for a bit role in Burt Reynolds' next country fried caper. The sword fights are terrible, the optical effects are good but unnecessary, the twins (last seen a lot of in *I, The Jury*) are bested by a South American star, Ana De Sade, no less, and the film, directed by Brian Stuart in Mexico (hence Ana), is as badly padded together as the guys' beards. All tail and no tale.

ONE MO' TIME

Talking of nudity in fantasy, there's been this bare faced (and then some) lady running around on NBC-tv in America and no one's made any Mrs. Whitehouse-like calls about her. No fuss at all Well, you can't see her, alas. She's *The Invisible Woman*—Universal's latest version of the *Invisible Man*/Gemini Man attempts to put H.G. Wells' creation into some form of modern life. Of the three, this was the worst, although Alexa Hamilton is a great improvement on David McCallum and Ben Murphy. But Bob Denver is the



M'SIEUR TARZAN

Well, they named him, of course, in the end. The new, the "definitive" Tarzan actor in Hugh Hudson's *Greystoke* epic. He's French actor Christophe Lambert.

Now they've named him again. He's been given a swift R-rating by the kind of Hollywood thinking that once asked German star Horst Buchholz to change his billing to Henry Buchholt. Now, M'sieur Tarzan is Christopher Lambert.

It makes little different to the French, they don't pronounce the last letter of either of his names

Werner Brothers have changed the film's title, too, by the way. Over and over again. Last (first) time I mentioned the movie, it was the overly portentous, *Greystoke: The Creation of Tarzan and his Epic Adventures*. Next, it got even bigger for its boots and vines and became, *Greystoke: The 7th Earl, Lord John Clayton, Tarzan of the Apes*. Now, but who knows for how much longer, it's cut down a bit to *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*.

Filming officially began in the African rain forests of the Cameroons on November 4th and the film is supposed to be cut and

dried and ready to do battle with the other biggies come Christmas. I have a feeling that'll change, too. All is going well, though at the *Star Wars/Raiders* home of Elstree studios and it won't be long before the unknown Christopher Lambert becomes as famous, I suppose as Warner's other once-unknown Christopher Reeve.

Director Hugh Hudson (the *Chariots of Fire* man) spent many months searching for his loinclothed lord. He wanted something different from the Johnny Weissmuller-Gordon Scott mould. No more Charles Atlas types, but a genuine actor "capable of portray-

ing the wild man coming to terms with the complexities of an Edwardian society - a man torn between his ancestral heritage and the jungle." (Sounds like Michael Foot, to me).

"There were a group of us - about fifty - and we did gymnastics for Hugh, to demonstrate that we were fit, as well as acting," reports Christopher. "Then, three months later, I was asked to test. I didn't allow myself to dream too much because three times before I've got close to a film, down to the last two actors and lost the job. I wasn't going to let that happen with *Greystoke*. I believe so much in fate. You have to, or why should wonderful things happen at some times and not others?"

Born in New York in the best month - March - the Arian Lambert, 26, has French parents, who raised him in Geneva. He wanted to act since twelve. His mother was delighted. His father, said, as most French fathers do, "*Pass ton bac d'abord!*" - "Pass your exams and get into university, first." He did all of that, his obligatory national service, six months at the "very boring" London Stock Exchange and helping a pal run a shop in Paris before joining the main Paris drama school. This proved too traditionalist for him, more geared to the stage classics, but he stayed on long enough to pick up some pointers, improve his act and win a few movies, *Le Bar du Telephone*, *La Dame de Coeur* and *Legitime Violence*. Then he met Hudson on his Tarz quest.

Ironically, although Hudson made it clear that he didn't want the usual Tarzan model - all chassis and no head-lamps - one must comment that Lambert's jungle lord looks not unlike Miles O'Keefe version in Bo Derek's jungle caper. All long, Sixties hair, plus the optional headband. But the face is less, well, pretty. Hugh Hudson's Tarzan (which used to be Oscarred writer Robert Towne's; he spent years on the script and now hides his name - and fame - behind the pseudonym, P.H. Vazak, sharing the script billing with Michael Austin - their Tarzan, then, looks as if he's strayed not from the clean-cut men of *Chariots of Fire* but the more neolithic guys from *Quest for Fire*.

Which means, as far as I'm concerned, that Hugh Hudson has got Tarzan just about right. Wouldn't you agree?

Young Lambert is pleased with his look, and the look of the movie. He is not so happy about the last minute change of name. "Christophe, c'est moi," he says. "It's me! It's mine. It's all I've got." That, I take it, is where Warners told him to read the small print again.

I don't know why they don't just call him Chris and be done with it. ■

THINGS TO COME

star of the pilot film, which I'm sure will never make a series. Denver, you might just recall with a wince, as the star, for went of a better term, of *Gilligan's Island*. "Muff said? So this is all kuff and of the dumbest kind, with Denver as the bumbling chemist (he's so inept, his chimp actually makes the invisibility potion) and Alexa as his investigative journalist niece. You can fill the rest in. Easy.

FIRST TAKES

Phone Romel *Mad Maxer* Mel Gibson has gone the Italian route. He's starring with Burt Lancaster and Robert Duval in *The Crew* for the *Blow Up* and *Zabriskie Point* Italy's master director, Michelangelo Antonioni... Jamie Lee Curtis is a late entry to John Landis' first movie since the crash, *Trading Places* (ex-Black and White) with *Blues Brother* Dan Aykroyd and the 48 Hrs con, Eddie Murphy... Latest American video games are based on tv show like *The Fall Guy* and the just ended *M*A*S*H*... Meantime, a film maker, name of Merio Giampaolo (no, but then I'm sure his mother knows him) is lensing *Video Wars* in Pennsylvania. Then again, he could be directing a video game...

ZONE SCORE

There is life after John Williams. Steven Spielberg has asked his *Pottergeist* composer, Jerry Goldsmith, to score the *Twilight Zone* movie. Spielberg seems to make it a rule to bother John Williams only when he's directed a film, or a whole film. Williams didn't score any of Spielberg's other three productions. Ironically William's main rival in the musical nominations for the Oscar in April was Goldsmith and *Pottergeist*. By the time you read this you'll know who won... as if it wasn't obvious, in the first place!

NO HORROR, TERMORROR?

The Saint is a bit of a Devil, too. Lost within all the hoopla about *E.T.* is the fact that Spielberg's *Pottergeist* (sorry about that, Tobe) is also a record-maker. It was the most successful horror flick of 1982 and indeed, for some years. Horror, in fact, would appear to have run out of steam as well as coagulants for now. As many as sixty terror-trips were released last year in America (mainly oldies made in '81 or even '80) and our friend, *E.T.* buried 'em all. *Pottergeist* just beat *Annie* into eighth place for the box-office year in North America, while *Friday The 13th Part 3-D* earned more than 50% less and just made it past *Tron* into 21st slot.

With the obvious result. Producers are no longer cutting teenage throats or heads. They're cutting their projects. Close on 150 horror movies were due to have been made in the United States and Canada. In the harsh reality of cold cash, about forty-five made it. And I doubt if half of those will win a release—except on video. In short, horror pro-

duction had dropped by 50% on 1981 and so far I know of only about twenty-five being made ready this year. Science fantasy has really taken over.

XTRO INFO

Which could explain the demise of Harley Korkis' *Contagious* movie. Whatever the official reason (and that impossible-to-read advertising can't have helped), the project is off the *Xtro* producer Mark Forsteter's London schedule. He's going in for more sf movies from his *Xtro*-maker Harry Bromley Davenport, instead. One is a touch of *Alien* *Quests for Fire*, about ETs in prehistoric climes. The title? *Predators*. The other is a thriller called *Replicants*. Now, I wonder where he found that word...

Better news for Harley, *Battletruck* opened like gangbusters in peris. The French just love any movie that drives like they do.

VIDEODRONE

Not even David Cronenberg is succeeding at the moment. Sad to say, *Videodrome*, has started out miserably, Stateside. Must be due to the fact that it's one of the first Cronenbergs that I've really enjoyed... It had a most meagre opening at 600 cinemas, slashed to 400 within a week. It did once take more money in a week than *E.T.*, when the Spielbergian marvel finally earned less than a million bucks in a week. But then, *E.T.* had been around on release for 36 weeks at the time, not Cronenberg's miserable fortnight. (And

sure enough, the next week, flushed with its nine Oscar nominations, *E.T.* was back earning two million.)

There was trouble with *Videodrome* for its first sneak preview in Boston, when Cronenberg took it back to the cutting table to polish it up with Universal's Thom Mount. They might have to do that again. So far, though, the director hasn't been dropped as quickly as Universal exec John Carpenter after *The Thing*, though. David is mid-way through shooting his next one for Paramount (all part of the same UIP releasing chain), and the newbie is Steve King's *Dead Zone*, of course.

At last, as David might say. He first talked about making the King novel three years ago at Lorimer, the home of such horrors as J.R. and the rest of the Ewings. Then Stanley Donen (*Saturn 3*) got hold of it, next Michael Cimino (*ex-Heaven's Gate*, and almost ex-Hollywood since that disaster) was named as director—and then a Russian director chancing his arm in America, Andrei Konchalovsky. Finally, it came back to Cronenberg, via Carpenter's usual producer Debra Hill and... this is the bad news—Dino De Dimping.

When Carpenter started pre-planning on King's *Firestarter*, he told Cronenberg he was shocked how close *Scanners* was to it. But the Canadian sees greater similarities between *Dead Zone* and his sinking *Videodrome*. "You have a central character who is, at first, in an established part of society, but something happens to him that turns him into a total outsider who must continue to exist inside society. What immediately struck me were the dif-

ferences between Stephen King's stuff and mine. His characters are very naive, accessible, identifiable, open and honest. Even when they're bad, they tend to be naive. I like my characters to be fairly arcane and complex and strange."

Which could explain the difference in the success ratio between Cronenberg and King (and, of course, Spielberg, who is really the most logical director of the King yarn).

TELEKINETIC DEAD

One of the Disney Tex team, cute Meg Tilly, switches roles and genres in a fairly routine, small-budget chiller item, *One Dark Night*. While it's not *Evil Dead*, it does have a telekinetic corpse and you don't get many of them to the pound. Director and co-writer Tom McLoughlin is no Sam Raimi, either, but he's made a workmanlike little item, due to workmanlike its way into a double-bill somewhere, sometime, I'd say. Meg makes a nice nice-girl. Robin Young makes a nasty nasty-girl (Hell having no fury like a Robin scorned and all that). And dear ole Batman, himself, Adam West, makes what I suppose he'd prefer to call a guest appearance. He must have thought it was 'tother Robin.

The film is distributed over there by Comworld Pictures, the company Burt Reynolds has just resigned from as chairman of the board because he says, it's not involving young film-makers with low-budget, quality movies as he wanted it to. In that case, I'm not sure if Burt classes *One Dark Night* as the kind of film Comworld should be pushing—or





the kind it shouldn't. There a lot worse around than this 'un. If Burt wants to push young and cheap talent, why doesn't he work with them. Because they can't pay him \$4 million a movie, that's why!

EVIL DEAD

Meanwhile, Sam's *Evil Dead* has finally opened over yonder – and its being well received by the critics, considering its tennis-shoe-string budget, brand-new film-makers end, as one critic put it, "unbearable sound" Full marks, though, were awarded to Sam's black humour touches and Tim Philo's camerawork, which was (correctly) compared to Daniel Haller's work for *The Dunwich*

Horror (1970). As any nation's critics tend to hate one of their own when he's first discovered abroad – the film opened in Europe before the U.S. – Sam Raimi and Co. must be well pleased with their American kick-off. Sam's smiling more broadly than Cronenberg, that's for sure.

SORORITY SISTERS

In 1972, Brian De Palma released his Hitchcockian shocker, *Sister* – better known to us in Britain as *Blood Sisters*. In the summer of '81, Mark Rosman started shooting *Seven Sisters*, which has finally, lately been released as *The House of Sorority Row*. So-rority-what, I hear you buzz? Just this. Rosman was,

or his publicity says he was, a former assistant of De Palma's. I don't disbelieve the guy, but I can't locate an actual credit for him on any of the De Palma movies. I'll say this much for him. He's not copying his old boss, as much as De Palma copied Hitchcock. That, however, is the only refreshing part of the film, for it's the usual teenage gets in jeopardy number, shot in Baltimore and rapidly falling low of ideas – for death, that is. The unknown cast is pretty good, being knocked off one by obvious one, and Mark Rosman does, in fact, share De Palma's touch with actresses – and also a love of Bernard Hermann sound. Richard H. Bend's score is very Herminnesque. But then, what score isn't.

YOR? YEAH!

When production is lower, the major Hollywood studios start looking around for other people's product to pick up – for the summer, at least. Hence, Columbia Pictures – the company that turned down *Poltergeist* ("not our thing") and *E.T.* ("the world's not ready for a non-human hero") – have moved on to a Turkish-Italian superhero movie called *Yor*. This is not to be confused with the genuine Turkish film, of a far different genre and quality called *Yol*.

Yor is a beefy supermech up to all the usual thud 'n' Blunder end played by

Rep Brown, who had a short life as *Captain America* on American tv, a few years back. I'm told I may get to see *Yor* at the Cannes festival. Gosh, am't I the lucky one?

FINAL TAKES

Old-timers Christopher Plummer, Eddie Albert and direct from being Seen Connelly's Blofeld, Max Von Sydow are into an sf thriller called *Dreamscape* in Hollywood. The youngsters are Dennis Quaid (Randy's brother) and Kate Capshaw. Joe Ruben directs... Among the latest (as opposed to newest, or even freshest) speghetti science fiction opuses, is something called, almost inevitably, *Exterminators of the Year 3000*. Remember when 2000 used to be enough? But it's so close now... Big Fred Williamson is also in Rome making *The New Barbarians*... That won't stop John Milius and his *Conan* sequel... *E.T.*'s Gertie, Drew Barrymore, is becoming quite a spokesperson for Atari video games. She's working harder for Atari than her screen brother, Robert MacNaughton. All part of Spielberg making up for the dreadful *E.T.* video flop, perhaps... *Creepshow II* looks like happening... Woody Allen's mate, Tony Roberts, is the surprise star of *Amityville 3-D*... Coming up soon on your tube, a tele-movie called *Space Station*...



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Interview by Anna and Maria Crowcroft



Jessica Harper

Jessica Harper made her motion picture debut starring as the female lead in Brian De Palma's *Phantom of the Paradise*, and was next featured in John Byrum's controversial *Inserts* starring Richard Dreyfuss. A native of Chicago, Jessica's mother was a nightclub singer and her father was an advertising agency executive. Jessica moved to New York in 1967 to attend Sarah Lawrence College, where she took vocal and modern dance classes as part of her studies. She left two years later and auditioned for the Broadway production of *Hair*, and understudied for the role of Sheila and Christi for one year during the run of the hit musical.

Since then her film credits include *Taking Off*, *Love and Death*, *Stardust Memories* (the latter two both directed by their star Woody Allen) and *Suspense* by the celebrated Dario Argento and the recently released *Shock Treatment* a sequel to *The Rocky Horror Show*.

She has appeared in the television miniseries *Aspen* and *Studs Lonigan*, and was a regular on the *Little Women* series in 1979. Jessica is thrilled with her latest role in *My Favorite Year* and describes it as "sometimes zany, but with serious elements underneath—the kind of movie I love making."

In a tiny cottage like house, nestled in the Hollywood hills, on a floral couch sat Jessica Harper. Large brown eyes hypnotise you as she speaks.

The house, she announces, is up for sale. Jessica is quitting the L.A. life for the stage orientated New York scene. "I like the climate better there. Also there is an acting teacher back there that I really want to work with. I think it's really important to keep studying when you're not working. Also, this Santa Ana (a wind that blows strange breezes from the desert) is driving me crazy!" "There's more stuff for me to do back there—I'm happier and I adore music and theatre. Even though the film capital is centred here—most movies are cast out of New York as well as Los Angeles. So I won't be missing out on the action—I hope!"

Starburst: What was Peter O'Toole like to work with on *My Favorite Year*?

Jessica Harper: He was great! God, I mean he's so professional. He's really supportive of the other actors. Mark Linn-Baker was carrying the whole movie—this was his first big role and he was terrified. So Peter really watched over him and saw him through. I have heard many rumours about O'Toole—how crazy he was. But he was just a professional.

How did Richard Benjamin conduct his first directing venture?

Well, he was really wonderful on the set. It's interesting that he seems to have been intelligent enough as an actor to pick up all the good qualities from each director that he's worked with. He's nice to actors in a way that actors need.

Mainly he is so funny. A pleasure to work with. He kept the laughs coming and the whole feeling was 'up'.

Other movies I've done it's been crazy directors who scream at someone different every day.

Was there more than the usual pressure on

the set because this was his first film?

Well, he was absolutely calm. He must have been a little nervous—I mean who wouldn't be? But none of that showed. We had a great time making it.

You've been in 2 films of Woody Allen's. What is he really like to work with?

He does keep to himself a lot. He and I got along pretty well. So I had fun with him. There are long hours and he kept me laughing then.

But—I've heard other people complain that he didn't make a big enough effort to connect with them. You have to remember that with, say *Stardust Memories* he directed and starred in as well—which is a lot to contend with.

How was *Shock Treatment* received in L.A.?

(She smiles and reclines on her sofa). Not well at all. Because it was not on general release. They were trying to make a cult movie and figured—"Let's make it a cult movie right off the top!" I'm still glad that I did it. . . . it was a lot of fun. I love London—it's fabulous, and the people involved in making it I really admired.

How do you withstand the pressure of your work?

I do gymnastics whenever I can. Really working is like being in training. . . you have to get up at 6 am and go to bed early. The discipline gets to be a little tedious.

How do you relax?

I'm working slowly on an album. I do a lot of black and white photography—that interests me.

How much of the socializing is important in this industry?

I wonder. I've never done a lot of socializing myself—so maybe it's not that important.

On *My Favorite Year* how did you research your part?

We all saw old Sid Caesar shows. They were very intent on having my hair that way—not very attractive. The clothes were fun—but to me the 50s were to be probably the least flattering wardrobe. Flared skirts, tiny waistlines and clunky shoes. I did a lot of my own research by looking through a lot of magazines of that time—*Vogue* and *Life*. In that era—don't you think the women were treated like a joke in their jobs—not taken seriously?

But most of the men were pretty funny in the movie.

Yes, but generally it seems like a field like TV production women wouldn't be taken seriously until twenty years had passed.

Absolutely! Even now it's hard—but then a nightmare!

In *My Favorite Year* the character you play is very different from you—was this your idea or a result of the director?

I tried very consciously to be much more energetic than I normally am. I felt that that was the real feeling of the 50s—sort of Doris Day appeal.

How did the original script that you had change from the finished product as far as your character was concerned?

There were changes. For instance that scene with the Chinese food was not in the script. Actually it changed almost entirely. There was a lot of that stuff where he chases me and I spurn his advances, in the original script there was a whole different resolution to that relationship. They chose a different ending—one that was more ambiguous.

Do you have future ambitions?

One day directing. But that would be way in the future. I prefer movies to stage. There is so much more to accomplish. Right now I'm checking out a play in New York ●

Above: A publicity portrait of Jessica Harper. Opposite: Jessica Harper as she appeared in *Shock Treatment*.



rollerball

Starburst Classic by Adam Pirani





Rollerball is a story of violence – the story of Jonathan E, a violent and destructive man whose actions are condoned and permitted by the society he lives in because they are expressed as sport – and it is a sport that is enjoyed by millions of spectators. The film is about controlled violence, between trained, prepared men, all Rollerball players, all of whom choose to participate in the game's circus of carnage. And the men's brutal Rollerball games are broadcast across the world in an attempt to satisfy its viewers' own violent urges, and to prevent them from engaging in interpersonal aggression themselves.

Rollerball is a game played in a science fictional year 2018. It combines elements of present-day games such as ice hockey, motorcycle racing, American football and roller derby to create a new sport. The field of play is a bowl-shaped circular track (like those used in modern day cycle racing); the object of the game: to put the ball into the other team's goal; the challenge: the ball shoots

into play at the top edge of the track at a speed of 200 miles an hour. . . . As a Rollerball player, the stakes are high; there is the other team: like you, they comprise ten men on roller skates and motorcycles; like you, their "kit" is lethal spiked gloves, heavy body armouring, black leather and gladiator-style protective helmets. And like you, they'll go to any lengths of violence to get possession of the ball – including murder.

Rollerball is a game supervised by government. State government is no longer the norm, now a global authority rules. Six world-spanning corporations use Rollerball's vicarious violence to reinforce their world domination, a device to channel the populace's instincts into team support. The six corporations, each purporting to serve a human need, are named Food, Housing, Energy, Luxury, Communications and Transport. *Rollerball* is the story of one man's fight against this corporate system that decides the fate and destiny of a world.

Rollerball, and the world existing around it,

is the creation of William Harrison. A Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Arkansas, and a regularly published fiction writer, Harrison originally expressed the idea of this dangerous game in a 6000 word short story published in the September 1973 issue of the U.S. magazine *Esquire*. Its original title (and the name of the game) was *Roller Ball Murder*. Harrison had the idea for the story after a college basketball game which erupted into a fist fight. After the game, he debated with friends just how far violence in sport could develop. His story presents one extreme possibility. Brimming with ideas and a well-realised scenario for such a short narrative, the original story is vivid and inventive. Written in the first person, it is one player's record of survival in the competitive ordeal that is Rollerball. Jonathan E is one of the very best players, and his story is a chronicle of changing times as Rollerball gradually becomes less and less acceptable as sport (but more and more popular) when there is a series of



breakdowns in the rules. Each time the rules are changed, the game becomes more violent, concern for the players' welfare deteriorates to almost nothing, and Rollerball becomes close to anarchy.



This spread and previous spread: A selection of action scenes from the movie and some of Bob Peak's production designs for the film. Peak also painted the poster for the film (not shown)



The story ends with Jonathan E preparing to play in his worst match yet, sure to be a bloodbath – there are to be no time limits, four dangerously bouncing oval balls in play simultaneously, and penalties that will leave players without their helmets, defenceless.

Enter producer-director Norman Jewison. Jewison, born in Canada in 1926, saw *Roller Ball Murder* in *Esquire* and was attracted by the twin themes of violence in sport and the struggle of the individual against the corporate system. He contacted the writer. Harrison consented to a film, and agreed to write the screenplay.

Rollerball was to be Jewison's twelfth film, and before it he had an impressive list of achievements, both artistically and financially. *The Cincinnati Kid* (1965) and *The Russians are Coming, the Russians are Coming* (1966) were two of Jewison's early successful films. Then, in 1967, he made *In the Heat of the Night*, the famous thriller with the story that is heavy with inter-racial tension. Starring Rod Steiger (in his most memorable role as a bigoted white cop) and Sidney Poitier (as an ambitious young black detective), the film won four Academy Awards, including Best Picture, Best Actor (Steiger) and Best Screenplay (adapted by Stirling Silliphant from the novel by John Ball). Jewison was also nominated for an Oscar for his direction, but Mike Nichols won for *The Graduate*.

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968) was Jewison's next picture, the story of a bored millionaire, played by Steve McQueen, whose escapades into bank robbery lead him deeper into trouble when he comes face to face with insurance investigator Faye Dunaway. Jewison's last two films before *Rollerball* were both adaptations of stage musicals. *Fiddler on the Roof* (1971), a big financial success, won John Williams, his first Oscar, for Best Score, an Oscar for Oswald Morris's photography, and another nomination for Jewison. *Jesus Christ Superstar* (1973), based on Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's famous work, had a somewhat mixed and less positive response.

With a \$5 million budget from United Artists (a great deal of money for an sf picture at the time), Jewison went to work on *Rollerball* using some of the finest talent available. Living and working in England at that time, Jewison was quoted as saying that he believed British film technicians to be amongst the best in the world, and his choice of production personnel reflects this. For





Above left: Jonathan E (James Caan) stands vigil over his injured friend Moonpie (John Beck). Above: Jonathan E meets the Librarian (Ralph Richardson). Below, below right and opposite: Action scenes from the Rollerball arena. It's usually Jonathan E who emerges as the victor, or, in the case of the final game, the survivor. It's Jonathan's invincibility, and consequence hero status, which is giving the heads of the corporations so many sleepless nights. Opposite inset: A tender moment between Jonathan and Ella (Maud Adams).

Director of Photography, he chose Douglas Slocombe, who had worked on many Ealing classics, and who had just won Best Cinematographer Award from the British Society of Cinematographers for his work on *Jesus Christ Superstar*. The film's Costume Designer was Julie Harris, who began more than 30 years of work in the film industry at Gainsborough Studios, and later worked on such films as *Help!*, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Live and Let Die*. The musical director was Andre Previn, blending works by renowned classical composers such as Shostakovich, J.S. Bach and Johann Strauss into the score and conducting the London Symphony Orchestra for the soundtrack recording.

The Production Designer for *Rollerball* was John Box. Box is an experienced Hollywood professional whose work outside production design includes producing one feature (John Le Carre's *The Looking Glass War*), and second unit directing on several others. But his major accomplishments have been in the design of whole films (often massive productions), for which he has won four Oscars—for *Doctor Zhivago*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Oliver!* and *Nicholas and Alexandra*. Box was quoted about his involvement in the making of *Rollerball*: "When Director Norman Jewison first called me on *Rollerball* (which was about four months before filming started), we both agreed that we should avoid using any props or gadgets that would make our film look like a James Bond movie. And

because the time period is just forty years into the future, we didn't want to completely ignore the present, which will obviously still be with us in many forms." In fact, while in London the movie-makers consulted with the BBC programme *Tomorrow's World* for some realistic insight into future technology. Box continues: "One of my most immediate and complicated challenges was to create the physical setting for the completely new game, Rollerball. In William Harrison's original magazine short story, and even in his subsequent screenplay, the Rollerball arena was described in only the most general terms. We started with the idea that it had to be a circular bevelled hardwood track on which skaters and motorbikes could perform at high speeds." Eventually, with the assistance of Herbert Schurman, the world's foremost architect of cycle tracks, the Rollerball stadium was designed and built in Munich.

Appropriate talents were similarly chosen in casting for the film. The lead role of Jonathan E was taken by James Caan, a professional actor who had appeared in nearly 20 films. Born in 1939, Caan worked in theatre and television before he began his film career in 1963. His big break came in 1971, when he starred as Sonny Wortzik, the quick-tempered son who takes over the family in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Godfather*. Just prior to *Rollerball*, Caan starred in several pictures that consolidated

his status as a major star, including *Freebie and the Bean*, *The Gambler*, *The Godfather Part II* and *Funny Lady*.

Another major casting success was for the role of Bartholomew, Jonathan E's boss and head of Energy Corporation. John Houseman was an excellent choice to play the character of the aging, eccentric man of power. Originally a Hollywood film producer in the 1940s, working first with Orson Welles on *Citizen Kane* and then with David Selznick Productions, Houseman turned to acting late in life. He did well at it, winning a Best Supporting Actor Oscar when nearly 70 for his performance in *The Paper Chase* in 1973.

Shooting on *Rollerball* took place in 1974 in Munich and London. Eight weeks were spent shooting the Rollerball sequences on an often dangerous set in Munich. Several stunt men were injured, some seriously, and there were times when former footballer James Caan had to be restrained from doing some of his character's more dangerous stunts. Then six weeks were spent at Pinewood Studios near London shooting the remainder of the picture.

The world portrayed in the movie as it finally appears is close to that of the short story—the game, the characters, the corporations are the same; only the scenes have changed.

Off the track, the film follows the clash between Jonathan E and the corporations. Jonathan plays for Houston, a team run by



the Energy Corporation, one of the most successful teams in the interconglomerate sport. The corporations are frightened of Jonathan E's power as the best Rollerball player ever, and want him to quit the game. But Jonathan wants to maintain his position and status as a player, and at the same time he is trying to find some answers - what is the origin of the game? What was life like before the Corporation Wars? And why do the corporations want him out of the game?

But it is the excitement of three Rollerball matches that dominate the film, building up game by game to a conclusive final. The matches are colourful with violence, in true cinematic style: the silver glint off metal weapons; the black leather and bright orange of the players' kits; the soft yellow of the wooden track; and the glaring redness of the blood. The Rollerball track becomes akin to a gladiatorial arena.

The movie was released in the United States in June 1975, and though critical response was negative, the movie was fairly popular, containing the vital ingredients of colourful action and a professional and well-crafted production. In its initial release period in the U.S. and Canada, the film earned back \$9 million, an acceptable return before re-releases, television and foreign sales.

Critical comment centred on the script, felt by many to be too abstract, with the lead character not appearing to take enough direction in his life. Also criticised was the



film's presentation of women, all of whom appear dependent and uncaringly manipulated by men.

When the film was released in the U.K. later in 1975, it had much more of a rave reaction. Perhaps it was the violence (even though more than four minutes were cut for the censor) that surprised British audiences, not conditioned by the night-after-night "true life" and fictionalised violence that is part of the staple diet of the American television networks.

The film was released on video in the U.K. in 1980 by Intervision Video; William Harrison's 1975 collection of short stories, *Rollerball*, included, along with twelve others, his original story from *Esquire*; and a soundtrack album was also released.

After *Rollerball*, Norman Jewison continued directing and producing (though he has made no more s.f. films). He made *F.I.S.T.*, starring Sylvester Stallone, and ... and *Justice for All*, with Al Pacino. He also acted as Executive Producer on *The Dogs of War*, based of Frederick Forsyth's best-selling novel. His latest film is *Best Friends*, starring Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.

I enjoyed *Rollerball*. It's an exciting, violent action film that makes good sf cinema. James Caan acts well as the physical competitor who survives everything that's thrown at him - a winner. And he performs equally well off-track as the sensitive individual searching for meaning. John Houseman is very good as the

monotonic old corporation boss. But it is Ralph Richardson who steals part of the movie in his delightful cameo as the caretaker of the computer which contains the knowledge culled from all the books ever written. At one stage, when it seems the computer has lost the entire 13th Century, Richardson kicks the machine. "Not much in that century," he says, "Just Dante and a few corrupt Popes. Still..."

Rollerball is filled with destruction, and it's attractive destruction, if you like that sort of thing. But the message is clear: How far will we encourage legitimised violence in order that we can get our own second-hand enjoyment out of it? ●

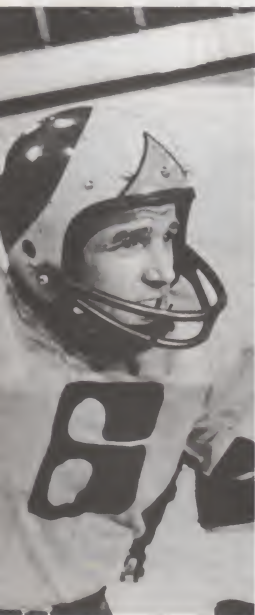
Rollerball (1975)

James Caan (as Jonathan E), John Houseman (Bartholomew), Maud Adams (Ella), John Beck (Moopie), Moses Gunn (Cletus), Pamela Hensley (Mackie), Barbara Trentham (Daphne), Ralph Richardson (Libranan), Shane Rimmer (Team Executive).

Produced and directed by Norman Jewison. Screenplay by William Harrison. Production design by John Box. Art director Robert Laing. Track architect Herbert Schurman. Music director Andre Previn. Costumes by Julie Harris. Stunt coordinator Max Kleven. Skating coordinator Peter Hicks. Photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Edited by Anthony Gibbs. Special effects by Sess Bedig. John Richardson and Joe Pitt. Makeup by Wally Schneiderman. Associate producer Patrick Palmer.

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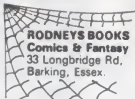
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THE JEDI INTERVIEW BY ALAN MURDOCH

By way of a preview of the third in the Star Wars series — Return of the Jedi — Starburst presents an interview with the British director of the movie, Richard Marquand. This interview was conducted in February 1983, long before anyone in this country had seen the film, which was something of handicap to the interviewer.

Starburst: The only movie of yours I have ever seen is *Eye of the Needle*, which I thought was great.

Richard Marquand: Did you? Great! In fact, I saw two cuts of the film... Ah!

... one before the censors got hold of it. Then I saw it again after. There was quite a lot missing from a particular scene.

I don't know what goes on. United Artists were in such a mess.

This was just before they became United International Pictures?

Yes. There was no management while we were making the film. It was a miracle that the film ever got made in the end. But I think my cut was a very nice movie.

Yet the love scene between Kate Nelligan's character and Donald Sutherland's was quite heavily cut.

I don't know what that was about. It was very delicately done. It wasn't exactly pornography. I found it very sexy, which it was meant to be, and yet pleasant to watch. It wasn't overt in any way.

And it gave you an insight into Sutherland's character. Was he just using her?

The way I felt it went was that he could have meant it. He could have made that step... If only! Inside that cold exterior was a heart. I'm a romantic person. I think if only she could have stayed with him that little bit longer, everything might have been alright.

I thought that it was an old fashioned movie, in the best possible way.

Yes, I think it had to be. It could only work on that level. There's no way at all it could have been updated. And I love all those old films anyway. Nice close-ups, nice lighting.

That's something you have in common with film-makers like George Lucas and Steven Spielberg.

Yes, they believe in that style of film-making. Very much. They like to underscore scenes...

The rumour we heard was that George Lucas had seen *Eye of the Needle* and decided you were the man for *Jedi*.

That's sort of true. It's not absolutely true.

When I was first working on *Eye of the Needle* I heard George Lucas was looking for a director, a new director for his next episode, and would I be interested in putting my name up. And I said, "There's no way in the world I'm going to be considered by George Lucas.

Who the hell am I?" There are all these major directors looking for work. He could get anybody he wanted. They'd give their eye teeth for a chance to direct it. But agents, and people like that, said, "What have you got to lose?" So I thought, Let's go for it.

There were some preliminary meetings with Howard Kazanjian, who is the producer of the film, and we go on well. By then I was doing a rough cut of *Eye*. I was preparing a fine cut when George was over here with

Steve and John Williams doing the music for *Raiders*. I was at Twickenham and they were at Elstree for three days and George asked to see what I had done. I don't like to show a fine cut to anybody much, but I knew George was a movie maker. This was the first time we had met. He screened the fine cut at Elstree and sat through the whole thing, which was apparently a terrifically good sign. Then he got in a car and came down to see me at Twickenham. We really liked each other very much and just talked film, which you don't get a chance to do with someone in his position.

This was in January and he said that I wouldn't hear anything for a while. There were other directors on the list. He had to see everybody's work. But he wanted to see everything I had done and I said, "Please, not everything!" and he said, "Yeah, everything!"

So, with my censorship, he began to look at my stuff. Documentaries I had shot at the BBC, little dramas I had done going way back. And he was doing that with other directors, both British and American. He was looking for someone who could work well, work fast, with an established cast, who was a fan of the series, who could think quickly because we had to keep the budget in check. They'd had problems with the budget on the previous film.

But he wanted someone who could interpret him. I had to know what the whole ▶

RICHARD MARQUAND



Portrait of Richard Marquand by Steve O'Leary

thing meant to him so I could do my job. I like that interpretive role. I come from a theatre tradition. So it was like a theatre director working with a piece of Bernard Shaw or whatever. An *auteur* would say, "I'm going to take your movie and do this." Throw it against the wall. Change it all around.

One thing George wanted was a director who wasn't going to be rowing with him all the time. You can't make movies on that basis. It isn't possible.

So it took a long time. Finally, there were only two of us left. It was about April or May of 1981. Then I got a phone call to hear I'd been chosen.

So you were in from the beginning?
Yes. There was a period before I got the job when I couldn't see George because he was actually writing the first draft of *Revenge of the Jedi*. Then he came back from the hotel where he had locked himself away. I wasn't hired, but I had said that I thought Lawrence Kasdan would be a terrific guy to bring in to do the final write. He has a terrific sense of character and pace. He's got the kind of wry humour that I have and a good attitude to physicality. He's gutsy. George said if we could get him, that'd be great. Larry was in the middle of *Body Heat*, but George was able to persuade him, for various reasons (laughs) so that worked out. I was in very early and it's good that I was.

I was glad because what happened finally, once George said, okay, you're the director, was that three of us sat in a locked room for two, three weeks and really went through exactly what this film was that we wanted to make. I had a whole plan of the way I wanted to present each character, each new character, to make it slightly different from the other ones, because *Empire* ends in a kind of explosion—everyone's going off in different directions. I thought it'd be nice if we opened this one with a tremendous sense of mystery. A "Where is everybody" sort of feeling. We know that Vader and the Emperor are really on the rebels' tails and *Empire* really ended on a kind of dark note. I thought it would be nice to pick that up, to know that the Imperial forces have finally done it. All the heroes are scattered on the four corners of the galaxy and then I could bring in each one in a surprising way. And George liked that idea too. Larry picked it up and turned it into something really terrific. Then I was talking about killing off one of the main characters. George wouldn't have that. I wanted to kill someone off—give it a kick—somewhere in the middle. No, no. He wouldn't do that. *So it wasn't a case of being given a script and being told to get on with it?*

That old Hollywood style? No, not at all. I had partly prepared myself for that, obviously. I was coming to it as the new boy. The only new boy on the block, really. But it didn't happen at all. Which was wonderful. The attitude all along was "You're the director!" I just had to get chapter and verse right. I had to understand the rules of *Star Wars*, the givens, which are very rigid.

Once we had a screenplay we could work from, I was able to get going on the storyboards for some of the bigger action sequences, which I have always liked to do. It was absolutely necessary for such a huge production as this. That way, all departments know, months ahead, who's going to be in a shot and what angles and what direction and all that sort of stuff.

*Wasn't it a creative handicap that the *Star Wars* characters were unchangeable?*

Yes, it was to a certain extent and this is another example of why it was good to work on this movie. I didn't know any of the main stars personally. So what I did was went around and met each one, getting to know the

person a bit. Because we all know, once you start to shoot, you barely have time to be friendly with the actors. You're so exhausted by the end of the day, you can't go and wine and dine and dance and do all the things that people used to do.

So I said, "You know this character. Tell me how you feel about the character. Tell me how you feel this character's going, what this character's go to offer in terms of the public and the box-office and the story." I discovered some quite nice things about the characters, which we were able to inject into the film.

Carrie (Fisher) has made no secret of the fact that she was just this sort of kid. This sort of boy in girl's clothing, who marches up and down and shouts at everybody. She felt her character was someone who could do with a bit of development. And I said that happened to coincide exactly with my feelings. In the last movie, the Princess became such a bitch, she really was a drag. It became very boring. For me, I was sure there was a lot more depth there we could use. And more comedy, too. More jeopardy, more, more, more. Turn her into more of a woman. Carrie said, "Oh yes, if only I could just break it down—" there were tears for a moment! "I just don't want to do this anymore! It'd be nice." And of course, it was.

That's what I love about working in this industry. You can add little bits without spoiling the main thrust of the story. You can add some colour. So we worked like that with Carrie a lot, which you may have had a hint of in the trailer you saw. She's a very sexy, attractive lady and in this film we'll get to find that out.

Mark's character is the one that develops through the whole series. That's the area of jeopardy. Will Luke Skywalker move more towards the Dark Side of the Force? He does. You constantly see the darkening as he is led in this direction. That was set by the plot, but again it was interesting to talk that through.

Billy Dee Williams had all kinds of ideas about Lando Calrissian. His past and where he had come from, the kind of skills he had. We realise that he was the first owner of the Falcon. We didn't really get to know him in *Empire*. We just learned to distrust him.

Then there was a whole new bunch of characters to be brought in.

How was Harrison Ford to work with?

He's great, he really is. He's a very professional actor. A man who is now quite a major box-office star. He gets on with it. He just really does get on with us. Doesn't suffer fools gladly. If you don't know what you're going to do on the day he gets a little confused and upset. But he's terrific as an ally, someone who understands the craft of being a movie actor.

*That's what Ridley Scott told us. The impression I have from *Star Wars* series is that with each film the texture and detail increases. Did you set out to top *Empire*'s incidental detail?*

I think so, yes. There are times when *Jedi* is so rich you'll be totally amazed. You'll just have to go and see it again. The texture is very rich. There is a chase sequence, which you've just seen a bit of in the trailer. It's got so much in it I don't know whether you'll comprehend it the first time around.

*From the trailer, *Jedi* looks different. *Empire* was dark and moody, *Star Wars* bright and*



optimistic.

Yes, I do think the three films are very distinct. That's inevitable. They're directed by three different people. I was a terrific fan of *Star Wars*. It's a great movie, technically and artistically. It's been tremendously neglected by the film buffs—not that anyone cares much about film buffs—but they haven't realised how skillfully it was made. In a very simplistic way. And to be that simple takes a hell of a lot of skill. In one of my early cuts of *Jedi*, I was being too sort of filmic and stylistic, even though I had set out to make the movie very much like *Star Wars*. In that sort of simplistic style, so you feel it is more like a strip, like a cartoon strip. And I discovered that my cut was too complex. I was overlapping dialogue more than I needed to. I was making things slightly harder to follow because the texture was so rich. I started off wanting it to be like that. On the other hand, the angles, the lighting, the look of things, the shading of the costumes, the way the characters approached the action, the speed with which they do it, that's personal to the director. He can't ape another director. *Would you call yourself a film buff?*

Not really, I don't think. I'm a film-goer. I love going to the movies. I can't really discuss. . . I haven't been through film school. I've always been doing it. I'm more workaday, in a way. *I wouldn't have thought going to film school was a necessary qualification for—*

It's not a necessary qualification, no, because Steve (Spielberg) is a film buff and he didn't go to film school. He knows every film backwards. I sometimes miss a lot of that because I like to be grabbed by the story.

Did you make a cut of Jedi before handing it



Did you make a cut of Jedi before handing it over?

Yes, I did, and not only that but after I had delivered the first cut I said to George that I'd like to go away for a vacation, go to LA and talk about future projects and he said, "Don't be gone long, we have to work together on this," which was great. Usually, studios don't say that. They say, "Goodbye!" and hope you don't show up again (laughs). They're aghast if you turn up for the scoring or you're there for the final mix, because they're so ashamed of what they've done to your movie in the interim. George has a reputation for being a man who takes all the footage and recuts it. That was the story on *Reiders*. And in a way he does, because he just loves to get his hands on film.

One rumour we heard on Jedi was that pages of script were written, maybe even shot, that just weren't in the film.

Ah... no... but dialogue was written that was not in the film. That's to do with the secrecy. Only a very few of us had the actual dialogue that was going to be in the movie. There were scenes, for instance, with Darth Vader and the actor didn't need to know the lines because they weren't going to be his lines anyway. They were looped lines. You don't see his face, you don't have a problem with lip synch, so that kind of thing could work well. David would be saying something and the final dialogue would be something else. Because people like to try to find out in advance what the movie's about. But that's a bit like opening a Christmas present in November. It's nicer to wait for Christmas day.

There was another rumour that all the main characters are killed off at the end of this one. No, but they are in extreme jeopardy. The ending is a very surprising ending.

So they're not all killed?

Not all!

Do we find out once and for all...

Yes!

... what the relationship is between Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker?

We do! And it's not what we expected! I thought the revelation that Vader was Skywalker's father was a ruse.



This page: Director Richard Marquand. Opposite: A selection of scenes from the forthcoming film, Return of the Jedi.

Yes. I did too! We also learn more about Ben Kenobi.

Would you like to work with the Star Wars team again?

Oh yes... if they asked me!

Are they going straight into the next film? Or will they leave it for a while?

No, they're going to leave it for a while. Realistically, it's just a problem of costs. This one cost so much more than the last, which cost a horrendous amount more than the first.

Can I ask you what the budget on Jedi was? The budget was \$32½ million.

And George Lucas said it was all his money.

Yeah. So you're talking about, next time around, 49-50 million dollars! And it'd have to make its money back. There comes a time when you have to reassess the way films are made.

On the trailer it says Revenge of the Jedi. Will that be changed?

It is going to change. But the longer we can delay announcing that the happier we're going to be. We had always wanted to call it *Return*... Because philosophically it's correct. It should be *Return*... I very much like the title *Return of the Jedi*. *Revenge* has a ring about it that I think isn't right for this movie.

It's negative.

It is negative. And Jedi don't seek revenge. A Jedi Knight can't understand that as a concept of behaviour. But we thought we'd use it as a working title. It's an interesting talking point when we do change it. It'll be interesting for people to discuss the value of *Revenge* against the value of *Return*. And we've had a lot of interest from fans saying, "Why are you calling it *Revenge* in the first place? You shouldn't!" We've been dealing with that for some time.

So what are you planning next?

My next movie is not set. I wish that it was. I thought that by the end of this month it might be. I'm hoping that it's going to be a film for MGM, produced by Michael Gruskoff. And it won't surprise you to know that it's a very small, low budget love story, set in Paris, modern, no special effects. Just two people falling in love, falling out of love, falling back in love. It's a very nice modern love story! ●







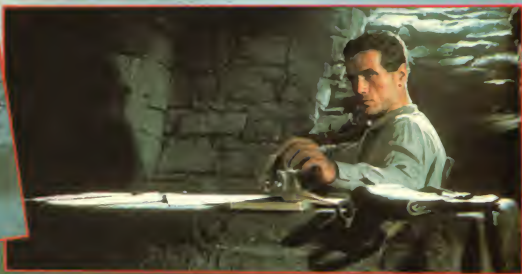
Report by Alan Jones

"Request immediate relocation. Something is murdering my men". So goes the message sent by Captain Klaus Woermann to the German Army High Command, from a medieval fortress high in the Transylvanian Alps. This is the starting point for F. Paul Wilson's best-selling novel *The Keep* but anyone expecting a straight translation of this Nazi vs The Supernatural story to the screen come the opening date sometime in September clearly hasn't come across director Michael Mann, or his very definite views on the subject.

"Let's face it, the book was very messy. I saw more potential than the existing application. The novel was the usual sort of solid gothic horror and I wanted to something much more expressionistic and basically make the whole thing as a dream. You don't attempt to explain causes for happenings in a dream, or a fairytale for that matter, as everything works on a subconscious level. What happens in *The Keep* is that all the entities have the logic power of a nightmare. I didn't want to scare people by the usual obvious means. I'm not interested in showing a vulnerable person go into a dark

room where I have established the monster is. That's carnival stuff. I don't want to see that and I don't feel you will want to see all those clichés again either. What touches people more deeply are nightmares and the rules of logic that operate in such a landscape. One of the most frightening aspects of my film are the rules are not consistent. What appears to be the rule for two events isn't true about a third. It is that sort of randomness I find appealing and why I do feel *The Keep* is a fairytale for grown-ups".

The Keep is really the second feature film ▶



THE KEEP
THE KEEP
THE KEEP



from Michael Mann as his first, *Thief* (renamed in Britain as *Violent Streets*) was preceded by *The Jericho Mile* which was originally a movie made for television. The ecstatic reviews for *Thief* meant Mann turned down in the region of 270 screenplays before he decided on *The Keep* for keeps. Producers Gene Kirkwood and Howard Koch Jr had bought the Wilson property and saw more in the premise than the actual story concerning a Super Dracula against the SS set in Rumania, circa 1941. And Michael Mann agreed with them when he realised they, and Paramount pictures, had no desire to make an exploitation film.

"I mean the vampires were out immediately. It's nonsense and it has all been seen before and I'm just not interested in doing something that has been seen before or a variation on that theme. This is a very ambitious film to make as I want to make you feel in ways you only feel once every two months or so when you have had an erotic dream or terrifying fantasy. The mechanism of events, as I see the story now, are repressed urges and desires in the unconscious mind that has to motivate the characters themselves in the story events themselves. And that is quite a departure from the book."

So Michael Mann's version of *The Keep* goes something like this... Captain Woermann, (played by Jurgen Prochnow who scored heavily in *The Boat*) and his unit enter the Keep



and realise it was built not to keep anything out... but to keep something in. That something is Molosar, an age old force of unspeakable evil that must never be allowed to roam the world again. Glaeken Trismegistus, The Watchman (Scott Glenn) has to make sure of that and it is the events that are about to happen at the Keep that has been his destiny through countless centuries of craving mortality. Bewildered by the amount of strange occurrences and senseless killings that have happened since they entered the Keep, the Germans take, from a concentration camp, Dr Theodore Cuza (Ian McKellan), an expert on medieval history and his daughter Eva (Alberta Watson) to see if they can come up with any answers other than the superstitions of the nearby villagers. When Cuza encounters what has been released within the walls of the Keep and sees how it resurrects his youth and strength, all plans of escape are abandoned as he realises he holds the key to smash the Nazi regime. All Molosar want Cuza to do is remove one object from the Keep, and he will help Cuza to that end. But that is the event The Watchman must never allow to happen, even though he is smitten by that most marl of emotions - love for Cuza's daughter "There is a moment in time when the

WOERMANN

Why does no one stay in the Keep overnight?

(laughs)

Ghosts, demons?

ALEXANDRU

No. No ghosts here.

WOERMANN

(smiles)

Deaths, then? Suicides?

ALEXANDRU

No one's ever... died here.

WOERMANN

Then what makes people stay away?

ALEXANDRU

... dreams.

unconscious of people is externalised. In the case of the 20th Century this time was the Fall of 1941. And the dark psychotic appeal underlying the slogans and rationalisations was making itself manifest: the concentration camps were being made ready. And this setting, that Paul Wilson chose for his story, works very well in the context of a fairytale for adults. I don't know what Wilson thinks about my changes to his story. We talked briefly and he did send a telex with some suggestions but when we are making a movie, we are doing just that. The book is the raw material to change into what the movie has to be".

In keeping with Mann's character, *The Keep* is being made according to the new norm of budgetary and scheduling discipline. The film started shooting last September and had to make the answer print deadline of May 6th as set by Paramount who put up the tight \$11 million dollar budget. The logistics of the twelve week shoot at Shepperton Studios and a quarry in Wales meant that Mann had four standby sets to run between in case anything went wrong on the first take. For this reason also, the scoring by Tangerine Dream, who also wrote the music for *Thief*, and the optical effects under veteran Wally Vevers were



carried out concurrently with the main shooting.

The major special effect, of course, is Molosor, and that is being kept under tight wraps until the movie opens but from the information at hand it would seem to be a fibre-optically enhanced glowing brain that goes through three stages of metamorphosis into a muscular humanoid shape.

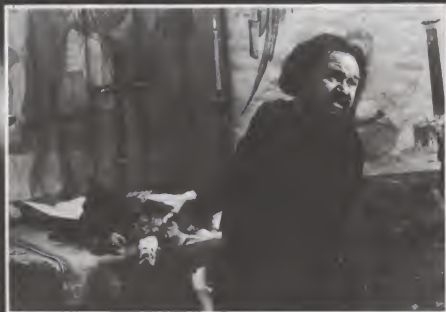
"Yes, that's correct, he does go through three stages of evolution and it is only at the very end that he becomes almost complete. He was very Lovecraftian in the book and totally unbelievable as a result. I have Molosor's character changing because of thematic reasons. He is ultimate evil and he gains substance throughout the film because of the very psychopathology of evil. For me evil is simple. It is a psychosis made manifest in a world of men until it impacts on their lives—it's a mental disease turned into politics. I represent all of that allegorically and it may be too complex for a lot of people but that is the architecture I have to go through—that is internal to me—to have an understanding of what he should look like. I have to know what colour he is, how he walks and the colour of his

eyes—I have to know all that minute detail so I can construct the film presence. You aren't necessarily going to pick up on all of that but I have to purvey a feeling and do the deductive reasoning to get a response from the audience because what you feel about Molosor determines all. The back of his head will shape other images in recall like World War I Austrian helmets. That's the sort of visual tricky language I'm talking about and I don't want to make the mistake of relying on dialogue to create that stuff because that is the biggest one—you can make it."

In *Thief* everything was wet, shiny and highly reflective and, according to Mann, rendered in a flat Pizarra perspective with touches of Kurosawa. *The Keep* is totally different in the fact that it is dry. "Very dry indeed. Here I've recalled German expressionism of the 1920s. It never rains in the *Keep* itself and death is dry. Life gets sucked out here, and there is a lot of blackness. That is what death is to me—a blackened, charcoal brittle corpse—carbon fried matter with the absence of everything including bacteria. You will see hardly any red blood at all in *The Keep*. I'm not interested in gore. I want to make something that is powerful

and the point in doing something different like this is that if it is fresh and new in approach it will affect an audience much more. I want to affect them with my impression of death in the same way they were affected by blood the first time they saw it. I'm exploring new channels of shock primarily for that reason. Let's face it, *The Thing* was the ultimate prosthetic movie so that isn't going to be an area to consider anymore. It was gratuitous and not very exciting speaking personally. *The Keep* is a new way of frightening you—badly."

Starring in *The Keep* as the enigmatic stranger Gloeken Trismegestus, is Scott Glenn who was recently shown to very good effect in *The Challenge*. Mann offered him the role because of his quality to exude tremendous reserved power with very little gesture and the fact that he is relatively unknown on these shores is something that will change in the very near future according to Mann's reasoning. "What constitutes a star these days is a directive from the industry heads in Los Angeles usually three years before it is perceived as fact with the public. Being an industry movie star means your pay quadruples and you are offered six times more



scripts. The heat about his new film *The Right Stuff* means the public will catch on very soon indeed".

The top notch crew assembled for *The Keep* includes veteran, four time Oscar winner, production designer John Box, director of photography Alex Thomson, whose work on *Excalibur* so impressed Michael Mann, and one of Britain's most respected mechanical effects supervisors, Nick Allder.

Along with all the other crew members, Allder was at first startled by Michael Mann's abundance of energy and penchant for excessive working hours, but like everyone else he soon adapted.

"Every day is a minor panic with Michael. You plan everything. You talk to him in depth—and then at the last minute he sees something he's never seen before and decides to give it a whirl. And of course we have to do it. He's lovely to work with but very hard work. In actual fact there is a tremendous similarity between Michael's working style and that of Ridley Scott. Both have great visual sense and an energy level that is quite shattering".

Apart from creating all the atmospheric effects like wind and rain, Allder has utilised a

lot of pyro-technics for the various methods of dispatching the marauding Nazis.

"I've had to very violently smash people against the wall, decapitate their heads and explode their bodies into a million pieces. The departure here of course is that there is no blood. All the victims have to look drained and so the charred masses we came up with are very effective. Before we started on the picture, Michael showed me some photos of bloated bodies from World War 2 and told us that was the anti-matter look he wanted. It may sound easy to do but the absence of any blood made it quite difficult in a way, as you can hide a lot with blood. It is often a lifesaver in our profession".

The tremendously exciting climax aside, where *The Watchman* bleeds fluorescent blood as he connects a talisman to a light soot shaft and covers the interior of the Keep with a grid of laser lights reflecting off embedded melting crucifixes, the major effect Allder has been working on is the look and "power" of the evil Malosor. It has involved Allder constructing a huge 14 foot metal man that has been hung in one of the soundstages to portray the ever-growing power of the being.

"The 1½ ton construction is full of metal pores through which we pass steam. As it is facing the ground, the steam loops around the body and tails off. When his footage is reversed and optically enhanced it looks like a constant stream of energy imploding on itself, which is precisely what we wanted to achieve. We couldn't use smoke as it would just hang in the air. This footage is then overlaid with the live action shot on the set with an actor wearing a muscularised rubber suit. And although I say it myself it makes a very interesting effect indeed".

One thing Nick Allder is certain of is that Michael Mann is definitely making a very unique picture indeed. "There were so many pitfalls in the story that could have relegated this project to the common or garden horror film that a lesser talent would have made. *The Keep* reminds me of *Alien* so much in that respect. I have funny beliefs in movies and I had the same feelings on *Alien* as I have with *The Keep*. I think it is going to be very good indeed—and I wasn't wrong with *Alien*, was I?"

Perhaps, with *The Keep*, director Michael Mann, will reawaken those primal fears after all.

**Starburst 5**

The Making of Superman, Lucas/Spielberg/Coppola profiles, Dark Star, John Carpenter & Doug Trumbull interviews

**Starburst 12**

Derek Meddings (spfx) & Richard Kiel on Moonraker, NASA the Movie, The Thing (1951), The China Syndrome, Spaceman and King Arthur

**Starburst 13**

Buck Rogers the Movie, Moonraker review, Steed and Emma in The Avengers, The Making of Alien, Omega Man, Art of Space 1999

**Starburst 14**

Alien review, Emma & Steed in The Avengers, Ghandahar animation, Saturday Morning Serial feature, The Time Machine (1960), K9

**Starburst 15**

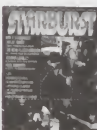
Quatermass 4, Roger Dicken on Alien, Sapphire & Steel, History of Doctor Who, Day the Earth Stood Still (1951), Prophecy

**Starburst 19**

Star Trek the Motion Picture, Tom Baker/Graham Williams interview, Land of the Giants, Making of Saturn 3, Black Hole review

**Starburst 27**

Doctor Who producer interview, Making of The Shining, Films of Ray Harryhausen, The Hearse, Ray Bradbury interview

**Starburst 28**

Flash Gordon, CESK the Special Edition, Joanna Lumley interview, Carrie, Dressed to Kill, King Kong (1933) special effects

**Starburst 29**

Battle Beyond the Stars preview, Marvel Convention report, Brian Clemens on The Avengers, Dario Argento's Inferno, The Fog

**Starburst 30**

Blake's 7 Effects, Terror Train, The Changeling, Hawk the Slayer, Paris Fantasy Film Festival, The Island, The Passion of Jenny Logan

**Starburst 31**

The Making of Superman II, Battle Beyond the Stars, Sybil Danning interview, Douglas Adams on Hitch Hiker's Guide, The Wizard of Oz

**Starburst 32**

Superman II, Making of The Monster Club, Frankenstein (1931), Brave New World, Jacqueline Pearce on Blake's 7, Motel Hell

**Starburst 39**

The Making of BBC's Day of the Triffids, Disney's Sleeping Beauty, The Thief of Bagdad (1940), Jim Francis of Blake's 7

**Starburst 40**

An American Werewolf in London, Dead and Buried, The Beyond, Roger Corman poster gallery

**Starburst 41**

Heavy Metal, Shock Treatment, David Giler on Alien, History of Amicus I, Wolfen, Quiz, Michael Armstrong interview

**Starburst 42**

Making of Dragon-slayer, Wolfgang Reitherman on Disney Animation, Connery on Bond, Making of The Thing

**Starburst 43**

Harrison Ford on Star Wars/Raiders, Dragonslayer, In-depth Star Wars feature, Battletruck preview, Richard O'Brien

**Starburst 44**

Halloween 2, Ghost Story, Argento's Suspiria, Possession, Fade to Black, Disney on video, Wes Craven on Deadly Blessing

**Starburst 51**

Ridley Scott & Syd Mead on Blade Runner, Sword and the Sorcerer, Plague Dogs, Basket Case, E.T. preview, Tron

**Starburst 52**

Special Krull issue: Interviews with producer, director, designer, special effects team, stars, making of the film. Schwarzenegger

**Starburst 53**

Steven Spielberg I, Creepshow, Just Before Dawn, Paris Fantasy Film Festival report, Class of 1984, The Mask of Fu Manchu

**Starburst 55**

The Making of Dark Crystal, Schardar on Cat People, Paris Fantasy Film Festival report, Class of 1984, The Mask of Fu Manchu

**Starburst 56**

Fantasy Females, Spielberg II, Ulysses 31, 1990: The Bronx Warriors, The Dark Crystal, Serial poster gallery

**Starburst 57**

Xtro review, Sam Rainsi & Robert Tapert on Evil Dead, Dario Argento's Tenebrae, Miller on Twilight Zone



Starburst 21
The Brood, Zombie
Fleasheaters, Ian
Scoones on BBC
Effects, Fantasy
Film Chart, Mission
Galactica; The
Cylon Attack, Outer
Limits



Starburst 22
John Carpenter
profile, Making of
Empire Strikes
Back, David
Cronenberg inter-
view, The Invisible
Ray (1936), Baron
Munchausen



Starburst 23
Empire Strikes
Back, Long Week-
end, Saturn 3,
Making of Flash
Gordon, Nic Roeg
on Flash Gordon,
Lisberger on
Animalympics



Starburst 24
Caroline Munro
interview, Mark
Hamill on Star
Wars/Empire, Reg
Hill on Century 21,
Colin Chivers on
Superman/Saturn
3, Stingray



Starburst 25
Gary Kurtz on Star
Wars/Empire,
Irwin Kershner on
Empire, Making of
Popeye, Zoran
Pericic on Super-
man effects, Glen
Larson



Starburst 26
Comic Heroes on
Screen, Brian
Johnson on
Empire effects,
Fantasia (1940),
Simon, Road Dahl
interview, Wolf
man



Starburst 33
Scanners, Margot
Kidder on Super-
man, Roy Ashton
on Hammer make-
up, Popeye, 20
Years of Bond, In-
credible Shrinking
Woman



Starburst 34
Werewolf Issue.
The Howling,
Werewolves in the
Movies, Tobe
Hooper's Fun-
house, 2001 (1968),
Monster Club, Son
of Frankenstein



Starburst 35
Extra colour pages.
Altered States, Ray
Harryhausen on
Clash of the Titans,
Excalibur, Kinvig,
Plan 9 From Outer
Space, Richard
Donner



Starburst 36
Raiders preview,
John Carpenter on
Halloween/The
Fog/Escape from
New York, Rockie
Horror Picture
Show, Sarah
Douglas



Starburst 37
Raiders, Outland,
For Your Eyes
Only, Time Ban-
dits, BBC's Day of
the Triffids, John
Carpenter inter-
view, Joe Dante on
The Howling



Starburst 38
Making of Quest
for Fire, Glynis
Barber on Blake's
7, Escape from
New York, The
Bells, The Hand,
The Final Conflict,
Stepford Wives



Starburst 45
The Making of
Conan, Alligator,
Deadly Blessing,
Swamp Thing,
Mad Max II,
Creature from the
Black Lagoon



Starburst 46
Jean Jacques
Annaud on Quest
for Fire, Jamie Lee
Curtis on Hallo-
ween/Road
Games, Michael
Reeves profile



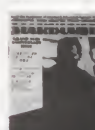
Starburst 47
Cat People (1942) &
(1982), Road
Games, 3D movies,
Timeslip, Swamp
Thing, Conan the
Barbarian, Cat
People interview



Starburst 48
Special Zombie
Issue! Zombies on
Screen, Lucio Fulci
interview, Jean
Rollin on Zombie
Lake, City of the
Living Dead



Starburst 49
Star Trek II, Frank
Marshall on
Raiders, Star
Wars/Empire
double bill, The
Making of Blade
Runner, Shark



Starburst 50
Ivor Powell on
Blade Runner, Rick
Baker interview,
Poltergeist, The
Secret of Nymph,
John Carpenter's
The Thing



Starburst 58
Richard Marquand
on The Return of
the Jedi, The
Haunting (1963),
Fantasy Quiz, The
Making of The
Keep, Evil Dead

We think there are probably a few of you out there who haven't been with us since the beginning. There's probably a few of you who have missed certain issue of **Starburst**. Well, don't panic. We've designed this nifty back issues ad for the deprived.

All these back issues of **Starburst** are available at the current price of 95 pence each. Unfortunately, any issues not shown in this advertisement are no longer in print.

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THE

STARBURST

QUIZ

**Or: If you're so smart,
why aren't you rich?**

This quiz is a kind of a warm-up. If you fancy yourself as a bit of an expert on the fantasy genre, try your hand at this batch of questions. If you do well, perhaps you'd like to enter our three part competition, which begins next issue, to discover a Fantasy Film Expert for 1983. The answers can be found over the page.

EASY

1. Two movie versions of Charles Belden's play, "Mystery of the Wax Museum", have been filmed by Hollywood. Give:

- Their titles (1 point each).
- Their dates (1 point each).
- Their production companies (1 point each).

2. Study this list of film titles: *The Black Cat* (1934), *Black Friday* (1940), *The Body Snatcher* (1945), *The Man with 9 Heads* (1937).

- Which film is the odd one out (1)?
- Why is it the odd one out (1)?
- What links the remaining three (1)?

3. Name the first actor to receive an Oscar for a horror role (1).

4. Give the titles and dates of three genre films with the word *Black* in the title (1 point each).

5. Name the special effects director on Joe Dante's *The Howling* (1981) (1).

6. Which film catapulted Tobe Hooper to notoriety (1)?

7. How about George Romero (1)?

8. What was Stephen Spielberg's first professional, feature-length movie (1)?

9. Dario Argento is an Italian director of whodunnit slash movie and super-natural thrillers.

- Name three of his films (1 point each).
- Give their soundtrack composers (1 point each).
- And their dates (1 point each).

10. Who scripted Irwin Kershner's *Eyes of Laura Mars* (1)?

11. Val Lewton produced several films in collaboration with director Jacques Tourneur.

- How many (1)?
- List them (1 point each).
- Give the dates (1 point each).

12. Who directed *Curse of the Cat People* (1944) (1)?

13. And why (0 points)?

14. Who was the cinematographer on the 1931 *Dracula* (1)?

15. Name the humanoid alien in Robert Wise's *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1).

16. Give the film titles (1 point each), character names (1 point each) and actors (1 point each) to identify the following quotes.

- "You've got me? Who's got you?"
- "My friends, can your hearts stand the shocking facts about grave-robers from outer space?"

17. Name the ghostly ship in John Carpenter's *The Fog* (1).

18. On the subject of John Carpenter, name the three leading actresses in *Halloween* (1 point each).

19. Identify the films from the following poster tag lines.

- "A horror horde of crawl-and-crush ants clawing out of the Earth from Millé deep catacombs!"
- "ITI—reaches through space—scoops up men and women—gorges on blood!" (1)
- "Is he man—or astro-man?" (1)
- "It'll scare the pants off you!" (1)
- "You have nothing to lose but your mind!" (1)

20. Name the actors who have played the space movie heroes.

- Buck Rogers (1 point each).
- Flash Gordon (1 point each).



NOT-SO-EASY

21. Which film featured the misadventures of "Chauncey Gardener" (1).

22. What was the name of the dioid that got trashed in the rings of Saturn in *Silent Running* (1)?

23. Rod Serling is well-known for the two tv series he created, *Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery*. But can you name,

- A simian science fiction movie for which he wrote a script (1)?
- The title of the novel upon which the film was based (1)?
- And the original author of the novel (1)?

24. Name the writer who links the Daleks to *Blake's 7* (1).

25. Name the actor who appeared in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956), *The Howling* (1981) and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1980) (1).

26. Who links *Close Encounters of The Third Kind* (1978), *Possession* (1980) and *E.T.* (1982) (1)?

27. Which successful industrial designer worked on a recent Ridley Scott film (1). What was the title of his best-selling book (1)?

28. In which film did Noel Neill play Margot Kidder's mother (1)? For what role was Noel Neill better known (1)?

29. Which classic of movie featured a family comprised of Mordius, Alta and Robbie (1)?

30. Name three fantasy films scripted by John Sayles (1 point each).

31. Which 1975 William Castle movie was directed by Jeannot Szwarc (1)?

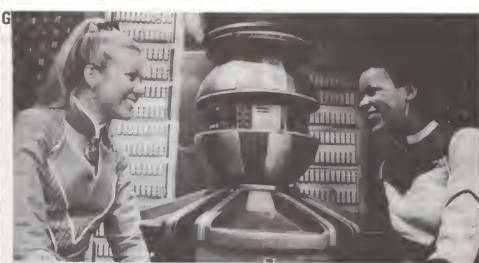
32. Name the two *Doctor Who* adventures scripted by Hitch Hiker Douglas Adams (1 point each).

33. "The Demon with the Glass Hand" and "Soldier" are two episodes from which well-known science fiction tv series (1)? Who wrote them (1)?

34. What location do "The Demon with the Glass Hand" and *Blade Runner* have in common (1)?

35. Name the "alien" movies in which:

- The alien married Gloria Talbot (1).
- The alien watched dozens of tv screens simultaneously (1).
- The alien tapped Ann Robinson on the shoulder (1).
- The alien shrunk when electrocuted (1).



PICTURE QUIZ

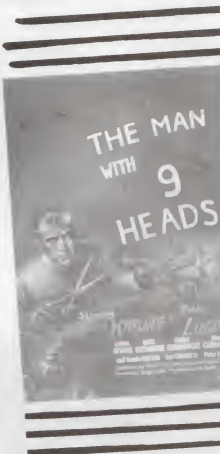
There is a point for identifying the films or tv series from which each of the stills comes plus bonus points for answering each of the following questions.

- Name the character and the actor playing him (1 point for each)
- What is this character's profession (1)?
- Which one of these characters dies in the film, and how? (1 point for each)
- Who produced the film (1)?
- Name this character (1). What was unusual about her brother (1)?
- Where was this space ship going (1)?
- What is the name of the machine in the middle (1)?
- Name the famous horror actor who also appeared in this (1).
- Name the actor in the white hat (1). Why is this still unusual (1)?
- In what year is this scene set (1)? What is different about this science fiction picture (1)?



THE ANSWERS

1. *Mystery of the Wax Museum* (1933), MGM. *House of Wax* (1953, Warner Bros).
2. *The Man With 9 Heads* is the odd one out because it doesn't exist. (c) The other three movies all co-starred Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.
3. Frederic March.
4. *The Black Cat* (1934), *The Black Cat* (1941), *Black Friday* (1940), *The Black Room* (1935), *The Black Scorpion* (1957), *The Black Sheep* (1966), *Black Sunday* (1965), *Black Zoo* (1962). At a pinch you could include *Bleckenstein and Blacula* (1972). There are probably others we haven't listed.
5. Rob Bottin.
6. *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.
7. *Night of the Living Dead*.
8. *Duel*.
9. *Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1969) Ennio Morricone, *Car O'Nine Tails* (1971) Ennio Morricone, *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (1971) Ennio Morricone, *Deep Red* (1975) Goblin, *Susperia* (1976) Goblin, *Inferno* (1979) Keith Emerson, *Tenebre* (1962) Goblin (minus one number!).
10. John Carpenter (and David Zelag Goodman, if you want to be a smart Alec!).
11. Three. *Cat People* (1942), *I Walked with a Zombie* (1943), *The Leopard Men* (1943).
12. Robert Wise.
13. Joka question!
14. Karl Freund.
15. Kiasu.
16. a) *Superman*, Lois Lane, Margot Kidder.
b) *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, himself, Criswell.
17. Elizabeth Dane.
18. Jamie Lee Curtis, Nancy Loomis, P.J. Soles.
19. *Them*, *IT! The Terror from Beyond Space*, *The Human Vapor*, *Invasion USA*, *Asylum*.
20. a) Buster Crabbe, Gil Gerard.
b) Buster Crabbe, Sam Jones.
21. *Being There*.
22. Louis.
23. *Planet of the Apes*. Monkey Planet. Pierre Boullis.
24. Tarry Nation.
25. Kevin McCarthy.
26. Carlo Rambaldi.



27. Syd Mead.
28. a) *Superman*.
b) Lois Lane in the tv series, *Superman*.
29. *Forbidden Planet*.
30. *Piranha*, *Battle Beyond the Stars*, *Alligator*, *The Howling*.
31. *Bug*.
32. *The Pirata Planet*. Shada.
33. *The Outer Limits*. Marian Ellison.
34. The Bradbury Building in Los Angeles.
35. a) *I Married a Monster From Outer Space*.
b) *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.
c) *War of the Worlds*.
d) *The Thing From Another World*.

PICTURE QUIZ

- Time After Time*. H.G. Wells. Malcolm McDowell.
- The Last Wave*. Lawler.
- The Fury*. John Cassavetes (as Childress). He exploded!
- Isle of the Dead*. Val Newton.
- Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. Princess Farrah. He was a baboon.
- When Worlds Collide*. The planet Zyr.
- Blake's 7*. Slave.
- The Undersea Kingdom*. Lon Chaney Jr.
- The Howling*. Slim Pickens. The scene was cut from the film.
- Just Imagine*. 1980. It was a musical.

YOUR SCORE (Out of a possible 100). 0-25: This really isn't good enough. If you haven't been reading *Starburst* for more than six issues there may be hope for you yet. If you have, we'll need a note from your parents to explain this shocking result.

25-50: Better. Better. But still a fail. We suggest you read your *Starburst* collection through from the beginning. You're probably just a little rusty. 51-75: This was the average we expected from readers who have been paying attention. But we're sure you could do better. 76-100: Now this is more like it! We recommend that you stay out of the *Starburst Fantasy Film Festival* competition to give our contributors a fair chance of winning—but not really!

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LAUREN HUTTON
STARFLIGHT ONE

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Executive Producers HENRY WINKLER & ALAN MANNING
Special Effects JOHN DYKSTRA Music by LALO SCHIFRIN
Story by PETER R. BROOKE & GENE WARREN
Screenplay by ROBERT MALCOLM YOUNG
Directed by JERRY JAMESON

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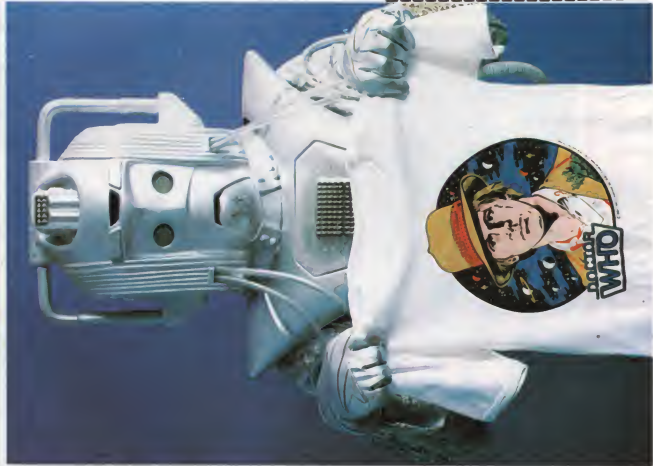
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TOM SULLIVAN

CREATOR OF THE EVIL DEAD
SPECIAL EFFECTS
BRILLIANCE ON A VERY LOW BUDGET

Like many of the new breed of young special effects designers, Tom Sullivan learnt his art in the confines of his bedroom. His experimentation with basic make-up techniques and self-taught designing ability landed him the position of pre-production artist for the ill-fated *The Cry of Cthulhu* project produced by David Hurd and William Baetz that Paramount had shown interest in. After ploughing some of his own money into that production and waiting for 1½ years only to find that his name was being omitted from his artwork, it is now a period of his life that he prefers to forget, chalking it up to experience, even though that experience hurt terribly at the time. Further involvement with Lovecraft occurred when he was asked to illustrate a Dungeons and Dragons type game called "The Call of Cthulhu" and it was this Lovecraftian influence that he brought with him when director Sam Raimi asked him to join *The Evil Dead* team.

At 28 years of age, Sullivan is a lot older than most of *The Evil Dead*'s principals and they met due to his wife attending the same university as Raimi and Robert Tapert.

"Michigan State University had a film society that was run by Sam and Robert and they would show their Super 8 movies only charging a small admission fee. An article was done on them in the school newspaper so I contacted them and we hit it off real well. I actually thought they would turn out to be Iranians with names like those! They then got kicked out of their apartment and said that the only place they could go was up, so why didn't we all make a feature?"

The prototype for *The Evil Dead* was a ½ hour pilot called *Within the Woods* which by all accounts was more sheer terror than the later film with its comic relief and Sullivan thinks he was a clever choice for the feature because, "There was an incredible bulk of effects and the challenge was to be resourceful. When they raised the money I had two weeks notice from the time I got the completed script to the time we went on location in Tennessee. I brought the supplies with me and I did all the casting of the actors and the arms and legs generally before the night they were due to be filmed. It was definitely the hardest I've ever worked on anything. I lost 20 pounds but it's all worth it considering the amount of attention the film is receiving. It really is a classic American Dream. I was in the right place at the right time."

Sullivan admits that his effects were crude but praises Raimi's talent for making his work look good. "The dismemberment looks fake as do a lot of the effects but if anything it was planned that way. I didn't want it to be too real. When I saw the arm being yanked out in *Cat People* for example, I was sickened. I almost felt like leaving the theatre. That's pain and I don't really want to inflict that on an audience. I like to see this stuff when it's fun. I don't want to disgust people. Horror shouldn't be pornography. It should be more like a Funhouse. Mannequins leap out at you wearing Don Post masks and it's ludicrous





but you still scream anyway. Benign fun, although let's not kid ourselves, there is a very tricky borderline in operation here. I like it that my effects don't look that real".

Sullivan feels there is a certain trap one could fall into if a director gives you a million dollars and says come up with something incredible. "I believe that is the wrong way to make a movie. Sam never consulted me as he was writing the script. I would get ruminations from time to time when he would ask me something like if it would be possible to have a girl's face moving while she was on fire and I'd say that it was with a dummy head which had a moving jaw with a little sound bud added. Which we did, not with the greatest success as it doesn't really look like the actress but it is brief and it looks



alright. Otherwise everything was in the script first and it was up to me to devise it".

"The head severing was done in one take in the middle of the night. Blood should have spurted out of the blood blow pipes but it sank down too much and to linger on the effect just wasn't worth the time involved".

Playtex rubber gloves with chicken bones glued to the fingers were another resourceful addition to the climax in *The Evil Dead* worn by Sullivan himself and he also had to concoct a recipe for blood as the commercially available theatrical make was far too expensive. "It was corn syrup with food colour added plus a touch of instant coffee to thicken it and a dash of starch to add opacity. The advantages to corn syrup are that you can put it in your mouth without too much discomfort, it stays shiny on clothes for weeks in case you have to do retakes and it doesn't collect dust. It really is a very versatile substance".

One of the more gory props provided a slight amount of light relief during the arduous post-production on *The Evil Dead*. "I had this prosthetic arm with real meat stuffed in it on the stage we were filming. I say stage, in reality it was Sam's garage and I left the arm on a raised platform while I went to do something else only to find Sam's dog had dragged it onto the sidewalk and was preparing to make a meal out of it. One lady in a car was looking on horrified as I wrestled with the dog to get it back".

At first Sullivan's ideas for the zombies' design were based on Egyptian hieroglyphics. "The motifs I favoured were faces of snakes, dogs and birds but I realised that these would be too like *Planet of the Apes* so we switched to Sam's idea of the victims changing into

caricatures of themselves – subtle extensions of what they were and I think it was very successful."

"The stop-motion climax wasn't in the script either. It took up one line and wound up taking 3½ months to film. It was great because it was the one time we had to try and come up with something new and different and difficult to duplicate. Mark Pierce must be mentioned here. He is a filmmaker from Detroit and we were partners in those last scenes. I created what was in front of the camera and he arranged for the matting and split screen density to be correct. Originally we were just going to have tube attachments to make liquid ooze in all directions but I've always been a stop-motion fan and felt that the technique used in *The Time Machine* could be taken a little further. It caused arguments with different factions preferring their own individual method until it clicked that we could use both methods and matte in with a split screen. We ran a test to figure it all out on a brand new Mitchell 35, which jiggles a bit but I don't think you notice that on first viewing, and we elaborated on it. The sequence started out with about four shots and ended up expanding to about thirty. Each frame was double exposed to help disguise the trick. It worked and provided a great ending. It threw guts into the audience which was after all our prime objective. That is my favourite part of the film because we had time to get it right".

The major problem with the film according to Sullivan was the pain involved. "It took five hours to put the actors into the make-up and I had no assistant at all. Consequently I had to be up five hours before everyone else after usually being the last to go to bed. Then there was dealing with people who had to act in 20 degree weather in lingerie with the next worst thing to latex on their faces day after day. I decided right away not to take any spirit gum with me and the result was the acrylic base on the actor's faces proved astringent to skin and would burn holes in their faces. The contact lenses they wore weren't the most sensible thing either. The optometrist was on location to show us how to put them in but they came with a lot of restrictions. You could only wear them for 15 minutes four or five times a day. That just didn't cut with our schedule so we had to push everybody a bit further. Nobody was hurt but everybody was uncomfortable. I felt a great deal of responsibility for these people and their suffering and I became really sensitive to their problems, so I was there with blankets and I let them sleep as I applied their make-up. But we didn't lose one of them. Since I moved to San Francisco I have taken some make-up courses to learn basically how dangerous all the things were I was doing. It was such great experience though. I learned so much and my casting techniques improved vastly".

Since *The Evil Dead* Tom Sullivan has been illustrating the next Sam Raimi project, *Renegade*. He has also been offered a chance of working on as yet unnamed stalk-and-slash picture. "But I'm sick of violence against women in films. I do want to make movies and it is so easy to be more creative than that. However it is tough to turn down work no matter how disgusting it is."

Even though Sullivan believes that for a low budget filmmaker he would prove a definite asset he doesn't just want to be the best special effects person but the best filmmaker. "I've taught myself everything and now I want to get my ideas across as best as possible. The effects work is just a part of it especially now the way these films are going – there is more room for people who are resourceful. I'm always anxious to learn but Rob Bottin I do not want to be" ●

friday 13th part III



While *Friday the 13th, Part III 3-D*, (Phew! – What a mouthful), is bottom of the barrel stalk-and-slash and one of the worst films I've seen in ages, it is nonetheless enjoyable. The novelty value of watching all those gore scenes we have come to know and love so well in an added dimension does go a long way in making the routine suspense and scares more palatable. Even though I don't think the film-makers here went far enough to frighten us with the maximum potential of the medium – the movie still relies to a greater extent of everyday objects being waved within inches of our noses – it will do for now until someone else realises how really frightening a film of this nature could be with a more adventurous approach to stereo vision.

For the story of *Friday the 13th, Part III 3-D*, take a blend of *Parts I* and *II*, pepper it with inane lines like "I'm going outside now, we'll discuss this later" and "Where are those drops of blood coming from?" add a practical joker and all the predictability that conjures up, and a "shock" climax full of nostalgia for lovers of *Part I*, doubtless indicating *Part IV* will soon be on its way.

The movie really is like a compendium of directors Sean Cunningham's and Steve Miner's greatest hits. Everything that worked to good effect in *Parts I* and *II* is dragged screaming before your very eyes once again for *Part III*. I suppose the theory behind this is that you get what you pay for but the most annoying aspect about this latest episode is that it makes you forget the power of the original film which I thought was very underrated at the time.

Nevertheless, as stated, the 3-D process does compensate for all the film's other



deficiencies like hackneyed dialogue, terrible acting and the totally senseless storyline. The truly amazing credit titles aside, its most effective use concerns a harpoon pointed directly at the audience spearing an eyeball, and a knitting needle forced through the second victim's cranium. For added amusement, a joint is passed your way by the permanently stoned member of the cast and drops of blood are shown running down one of the camper's reading material – *Fangoria* magazine! Has a horror movie ever been this incestuous?

Although *Friday the 13th, Part III 3-D* works on an instant gut reaction level, I don't think it can really be recommended to anyone but hard-core dyed-in-the-wool fans. I wonder what *Part IV* will have to utilise to perk up our jaded appetites? I have a suggestion. How about a really clever, original and well worked out plot? Now that would really be an unusual gimmick ●



Back in *Starburst* 15 John Brosnan reported on the new *Quatermass* story to be shown on ITV during 1979. The following issue carried an interview with the creator of the series Nigel Kneale. In the article Kneale explained at great length his association with science fiction on television. But this month we present a more detailed conversation with him regarding his work on the earlier serials of the fifties, the famous *Quatermass* stories.

This was part of a major interview with Mr Kneale earlier this year in which he related his nightmare experience in Hollywood writing the screenplay for *Halloween 3 The Season of the Witch*. You will be able to read what he has to say on the subject in a later issue of *Starburst*, but for the moment we return to the adventures of Professor Bernard Quatermass.

Starburst: What was the most difficult aspect of making a tv serial in the early fifties?

Nigel Kneale: The fact that they were transmitted live, it was horrendous. If any special effects were required, you had to take a chance that they would work on the screen. There was little room for error. The cameras used were some of the original 1936 equipment, absolutely terrifying things with the picture presenting itself to the operator upside down, as well as in reverse. This must have presented quite a few problems in setting up a shot?

Exactly. The cameraman needed a thorough knowledge of the rehearsals as it was impossible to cut from one camera to another without preparation. Because of this you didn't know what, for example, camera B was going to shoot and sometimes a quick pan was necessary to get the shot in the right position. The worst thing that could happen was the burning off effect when, if unnoticed, a bright light in a certain scene would eventually flood the screen, whitening out the image.

Were all the Quatermass programmes televised live?

Yes. The first series was televised from Alexandra Palace. There was no such thing as tele-recording, so it was shown only the once and is now completely missing from the BBC vaults. The second serial *Quatermass 2* was actually copied with a better camera system at Lime Grove, but although the BBC have it in their archive, it is unfortunately a bad copy. The best surviving print is the third story *Quatermass and the Pit*.

What is the most interesting about the second serial was your decision to use the number 2 after the title. Now of course every major picture carries a 2 whether its *Jaws*, *Superman* or *Airplane*.



I actually called it *Quatermass 2* because I couldn't think of a better title. The real reason I suppose, behind the use of a number 2 was the sketchy connection to the second rocket that old Quatermass built for the new story. You remember that his first rocket crashed to Earth in *The Quatermass Experiment*. I imagine that's a good enough excuse.

Where did the idea for Quatermass 2 come from?

Well I think the idea was contemporary to the fifties. During that time Government bodies were building early warning radar bases, germ warfare factories, mysterious isolated laboratories, all of which were hidden from the public in wild inaccessible places. Some of these fantastic institutions didn't even exist outside of the fertile imaginations of the journalists who wrote about them. But I've always found top secret establishments most intriguing from a story point of view. It was easy therefore to see a public awareness of such places, so I based my ideas around that. The oil refinery is a perfect setting for the invasion of Earth. Did you use the same location in the film version?

Yes, it was the Shell oil refinery in those days

and a strange sight to most of the public. They were certainly eerie places, you never saw a soul and of course it was perfect for doubling as the moon project, the plans of which the brainwashed government stole from Quatermass. The huge domes housing the aliens were of course miniatures added later on. *Were you satisfied with the Hammer film version?*

No, it was much simpler from the point of view of story, but I'm afraid I was very disappointed with Brian Donlevy's performance in the title role. So much so that I would not allow Hammer to have the film rights to the third serial *Quatermass and the Pit*, until I was certain enough time had passed to recast the part.

Is it true that you own sole copyright on Quatermass 2?

On the film version, yes I do. They can't rescreen it without my permission, unless someone's pirated it of course. But nowadays people really aren't interested in it to bother. *Does the film version differ greatly from the original serial?*

Well, the major difference occurs at the climax of the story, when instead of just sending the rocket into space as depicted in the film, Quatermass goes with it to the Alien's planet. It was very ambitious even though by the time we reached episode 6, the set designer had run out of money to build the scenery. We managed to get away with it however.

Was the first story *The Quatermass Experiment* received better on television than the cinema?

The film was very successful but for me the tv series was more creepy. There's one scene where the astronaut played by Duncan Lamont, the only survivor of a three-man spacecraft which has crashed on Earth, begins to speak in a German accent. The character originally had no knowledge of any other language and yet suddenly there he is chatting away in German. The tension mounts when we discover that one of the other members of the missing crew was fluent in foreign languages. It was a psychological thing rather than a gory effect, but it was very chilling. My wife is, in fact, German and assisted with the sequence.

Although you wrote the screenplays for all three films, it's obvious that you enjoyed working on the tv series far more.

Yes because each episode is planned, each quite distinct in style and content. We also had better actors in the tv versions and the roles were more demanding for an actor to get his teeth into. However I did think that Andrew Keir was marvellous in the third film *Quatermass and the Pit*.

The Quatermass Experiment. Televised July to August 1953.

Episode One: Contact Has Been Established.

Episode Two: Persons Reported Missing.

Episode Three: Special Knowledge.

Episode Four: Believed To Be Suffering.

Episode Five: An Unidentified Species.

Episode Six: State of Emergency.

Professor Quatermass Reginald Tate.

Judith Carroon Isabel Dean.

Sets designed by Richard R. Greenough

and Stewart Marshall.

Quatermass II. Televised October to November 1955.

Episode One: The Bolts.

Episode Two: The Mark.

Episode Three: The Food.

Episode Four: The Coming.

Episode Five: The Frenzy.

Episode Six: The Destroyers.

Professor Quatermass John Robinson.

Set designed by Stephen Taylor.

Special Effects by Jack Kine and Bernard

Wilkie.

Film Cameraman Charles De Jaeger.

Quatermass and the Pit. Televised December 1958 to January 1959.

Episode One: The Halfmen.

Episode Two: The Ghosts.

Episode Three: Imps and Demons.

Episode Four: The Enchanted.

Episode Five: The Wild Hunt.

Episode Six: Hob.

Professor Quatermass Andre Morell.

Dr Matthew Roney Cec Linder.

Colonel James Breen Anthony Bushell.

Sets designed by Clifford Hatts.

Special sound Effects by Desmond Briscoe.

A quiet revolution has taken place – one that affects all lovers of fantasy, horror and sf films. The availability of pre-70s films in the genre has long been restricted to TV, and the programming has generally been very unsatisfactory (the same films shown again and again, extensive cuts in horror titles, unavailability of many classic films). But now – because of the burgeoning appetite for video films – the archives are being dusted off (Bava's *Black Sunday* on tape!) and films either not released at all in this country, or only given a limited showing are appearing with pleasing regularity.

One of the greatest causes for celebration in recent months has been the appearance of all the major films of the brilliantly talented Dario Argento – the director for the 80s and beyond. His astonishing visual and aural assaults on the sensibilities of the viewer put the emphasis on the total experience of film rather than intellectual appreciation of a well-written script (Argento's horror films are definitely not for those who demand carefully constructed, literate screenplays).

Usually to the throbbing, high-decibel accompaniment of the music of Goblin (his long-time collaborator) the films of this energetic young Italian are a breath-stopping roller coaster ride of painterly visuals and graphic horror. Argento's feature film debut, the poetically titled *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (argued well for his career – a commercial success in 1970 and shortly available on the Vempic/Videomedie videocassette label) it looks a fascinating dry run for many ideas to be more fully developed in later films.

Tony Musante plays an American writer in Italy who witnesses a murderous assault through glass (prefiguring David Hemmings in the later *Deep Red*); he is trapped between sliding glass doors while attempting to aid the bleeding victim (Eve Renzi) – and this sequence

seems to be the one people remember over the years – probably because Musante's subsequent tracking down of the black-leather-clad murderer is handled with rather less panache than Argento was to develop in subsequent films.

There are of course, visual delights galore – a marvelously Hitchcockian chase of a yellow-jacketed hired killer (one of several loose ends not really tied up) that ends with a joke worthy of *North By Northwest*: a murder by razor which utilizes sound as chillingly as Polanski did in *Repulsion* (a word would be in order here about Ennio Morricone's mesmeric score, cleverly used throughout) and the suspenseful siege of Musante's girl friend (Suzy Kendall) in her flat – the murderer's knife cutting through the door invites another comparison – the demolition job done on a similar door by Hitchcock's *The Birds*, but this doesn't prevent the sequence from being claustrophobically pulse-thumping.

At this point, however, a serious reservation must be made about the video version of the film. Apart from some censorship cuts (leaving bloody murders rather tame by Argento's later standards) there are some reel problems in a lack of either "scanning" the film's wide-screen ratio so that all the important characters and action are always visible or (preferably) using a black portion of screen at the top and bottom, giving a "letterbox" effect, so nothing is lost. As it is, the film suffers badly – the first murder in the film (rather than the assault on Eve Renzi) is an incomprehensible montage of fleshing blade and flesh – but confusing rather than brilliantly suggestive as in *Psycho* – and twice we find ourselves gazing at a table lamp as two characters are cut off at either end of the screen. However, I was viewing the working copy of the tape – hopefully this will be corrected.

Quibbles apart, the film is essential viewing for admirers of the director – but I would

suggest only after seeing his later, more assured, features.

Deep Red is stunning evidence that Dario Argento's delirious visual talents have been consistently in evidence from his earliest films to *Inferno*. A tortuous Hitchcockian thriller (with a relatively unguessable denouement), it is better constructed than *Suspense* – the film it has most in common with – and the plot-spinning between the big, operatic set-pieces is better throughout. However, it's obvious that the director's real interests lie in the heady exploration of baroque architecture in front of which his characters are gorgeously dispatched.

David Hemmings, in a nod to his *Blow Up* persona, is almost-witness to a murder, and with the ambiguous aid of a young newswoman, threads his way through several menacing expressionist settings before, inevitably, confronting the deranged killer.

The murders along the way are highly imaginatively staged – the death-by-boiling-water makes the similar sequence in *Halloween II* look thin stuff indeed. Several frissons are provided by Carlo Rambaldi's effects – the most shocking being decapitation by necklace and lift (not exactly a heckneyed demise – yet!) The video, thankfully, appears to be uncut.

Next month, I'll deal with Argento's two best known films, but I'll close with a non-recommendation.

Drive In Massacre is really the kind of dehydrated garbage that gets genre cinema a bad name – all the budget has gone on a reasonably well set-up double murder in the first reel, while the rest of the running time tediously follows two redneck cops interviewing a desultory assortment of derelict suspects. The performances make the cast of *Plan Nine From Outer Space* look like the National Theatre, and the cress cop-out ending tries to resurrect The Tinger's "its loose in the cinema" gimmick. Solid gold dreck.



Silent Running is a "witty, elegant ecological fable". Well, *The Guardian* thinks so. And this was typical of how the film was described in newspapers and magazines when it showed up recently as part of BBC 2's Science Fiction Film Festival. It's strange how this film has acquired such a good reputation when in reality it's something of a space-going turkey.

I suspect it's the film's message that people are applauding rather than the film itself. After all, how can you be against a film that is pro trees, flowers, fresh air and nice things generally? And *Silent Running* also has the

has somehow become so polluted that vegetation can no longer exist on its surface. There are no trees, no grasses, no crops—it's deadsville greenwise, folks. All that remains of the planet's vegetation is stored in domes attached to giant spaceships in orbit, presumably, around the sun. The main plot of the film gets underway when the order comes through that the domes are to be jettisoned and then blown up with atomic bombs that just happen to be on board for this very purpose.

Now hands up all those who can spot a few little flaws in the scenario? First of all, let's

unfortunately they don't. I'd also liked to have known how the drastic rise in the sea level was dealt with when the ice caps melted—as they certainly must have done if the temperature is 75 degrees.

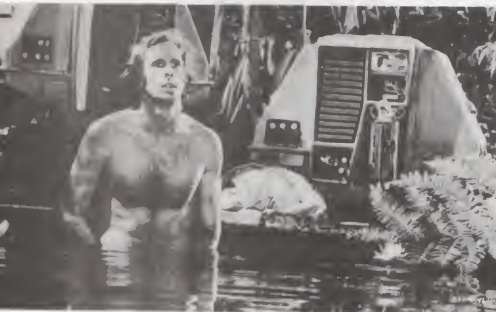
What with a shortage of oxygen, no crops and world-wide flooding you'd think the human race was having a struggle to survive but no, we learn from one of the characters that there is no more disease, no more poverty and no more unemployment. Wow. One immediately presumes that this is because there are no more people down there but again that's not the case—we are told, indirectly, that civilisation is flourishing somehow on what's left of the Earth.

The big question of course, is what they're all eating. No vegetable foodstuffs and therefore no meat either. Aha, but here the script writers do provide an explanation. The people eat synthetic food, they tell us. But what's it made out of, one wonders? What provides its organic base? Oil perhaps? Possibly, but that must be getting pretty scarce by then... So where's all this synthetic food coming from? The script writers neglect to tell us that small point...

Okay, let's return to the nub of the film. The order comes to destroy the domes because the ships transporting them are needed for 'commercial' reasons (probably wanted for carting all that synthetic food from the synthetic food factory). This causes the protagonist, Freeman (Bruce Dern), the last surviving conservationist to blow a fuse. He rebels, kills his crewmates and heads off into deep space with the remaining dome. The problem is why is it necessary for the domes to be destroyed? Why can't they simply be detached from the transport ships and left in orbit around the sun? Why are they attached to spaceships in the first place? I have no idea. Nor do the scriptwriters, except if they didn't have the damn things stuck onto ships there would be no story. For the purpose of creating a dramatic conflict they have set up a situation which is totally artificial. Like their synthetic food it has no logical basis.

All the built-in idiocies aside *Silent Running* is a somewhat tedious and pretentious movie. Okay, the effects are impressive considering the small budget and the cute little robots are cute, etc, but as both cinema and science fiction it's a failure (is it significant, I wonder, that Michael Cimino of *Heaven's Gate* fame was one of the writers?). I sincerely hope that Trumbull's long-awaited *Brainstorm* will be a vast improvement.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Wally Veivers, one of the British film industry's top optical effects experts. Veivers had a very long career in special effects, beginning way back in 1936 with *Things to Come*. I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him many years ago when I was researching *Movie Magic* and found him a charming and very interesting man. He worked on a vast number of films but he'll probably be best remembered for being one of the four effects supervisors on *2001: A Space Odyssey*. "To start in the industry as an apprentice on *Things to Come* and to finish, more or less, in charge of a picture like *2001* was a wonderful thing," he told me in 1973. Not that he did finish with *2001*—he continued to work right up to his death at the age 65 this year. His last film was *The Keep*.



advantage of being a novelty in the space movie genre—it has no monsters, no space battles, no aliens, no real villains. Instead it addresses itself to an important and serious problem—the threat that pollution, radiation etc, presents to our environment.

Unfortunately it does this in such an illogical, ludicrous fashion that it undermines completely its own good intentions and becomes nothing but a joke. It's the perfect example of what happens when people who know nothing about science or science fiction set out to make a serious sf movie...

The basic idea of the film is that the Earth

look at the Earth itself. It's obviously in a very strange state, not to say a downright peculiar one. We are told that it has no vegetation and that it has a universal temperature of 75 degrees (fahrenheit, one hopes). Fascinating stuff! That not only means that there are no forests and jungles to replenish the world's oxygen supply but that there is no more weather. If the temperature is exactly the same everywhere on Earth it means there are no climatic changes on the planet. It would have been interesting if the script writers could have provided a scientific explanation for the extraordinary phenomenon but

Book bargain of the month is the two volume set of *The Best Stories of Ray Bradbury* from Granada at £2.95 per volume. 1400 pages in all and containing 100 stories selected by the author, it also has an interesting introduction by Bradbury in which he explains how his imagination was fertilized as a child by seeing Lon Chaney films such as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and a meeting with Mr Electrico, who showed him around a carnival when he was twelve years old. The result was a prolific output of stories ranging from horror through fantasy to straight science fiction. This collection contains Bradbury's famous Martian stories and such minor classics as "The Picasso Summer", which has a bored holidaymaker encountering the famous artist sketching in the sand on a beach, and "The Veldt", about a children's playroom in which the illusory environment of wild Africa becomes terrifyingly real. I've always felt that in strictly artistic terms Bradbury is somewhat overrated as a writer, but there's no denying the special gift he has for transforming private daydreams or nightmares into stories which speak to us all.

Also from Granada is John Sladek's *Roderick At Random* (£1.95), the sequel to his witty and inventive *Roderick*. Both books detail the adventures of the humanoid robot of the title who is trying to make his way through a contemporary America in which craziness is endemic. In fact Roderick himself is the only really sane character in either book. By turning his humans into robots, programmed by their insane environment and making his robot truly humane, Sladek neatly reverses the stereotype of the robot as a cold, calculating machine to considerable ironic effect. There are some inspired passages of lunacy in this book; I particularly liked the writer who works hooked up to a computer network which constantly feeds him details of readership requirements and compels him to tailor his output accordingly. Unfortunately *Roderick At Random* is more diffuse and episodic than its predecessor, as if Sladek's inspiration is starting to flag. Nevertheless he's a very funny writer and is particularly adept at satirizing the loonier fringes of American life.

The Donors by Leslie Alan Horvitz and M. Harris Gerhard, MD (Star, £1.95) is a medical thriller with a plot of Machiavellian proportions which has people being kidnapped and taken off to the Andes where they undergo elaborate plastic surgery which transforms them into alter-egos of other people. It's an intriguing read for most of its length, but eventually collapses under the weight of its own complexity. The transformed people are substituted for those they have been made to resemble and promptly assassinated while the originals (who all have some reason for wanting to disappear) are taken to safety and also undergo plastic surgery so that they can start new lives. A neat idea on which to hang a novel, but one which lacks plausibility since it would be far simpler (and far less expensive) simply to fake accidents of the people who want to disappear in circumstances where their bodies are never found or are damaged to the point of unrecognizability.

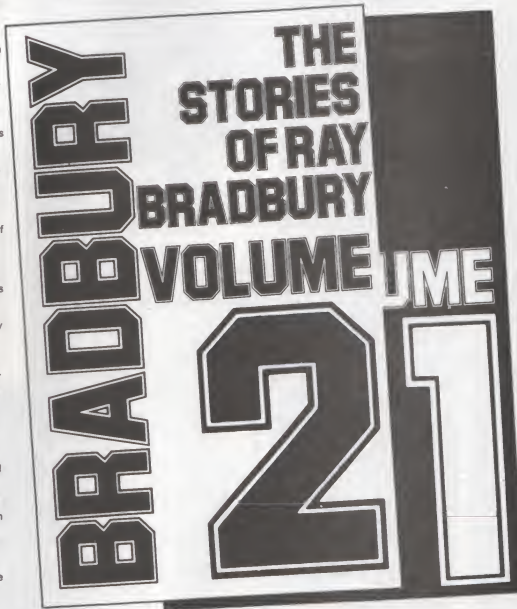
Chekhov's Journey by Ian Watson (Gollancz, £7.95) has nothing to do with *Star Trek* but is the story of the Russian playwright Anton Chekhov's journey to Siberia to investigate the Tunguska Event in 1890. Only

in the real world this event occurred in 1908, four years after Chekhov's death. The solution to the mystery involves experiments in "reincarnation by hypnosis" which are being conducted in Russia at an artist's retreat. The story is suitably intriguing, with Watson skilfully weaving together the three major strands of his narrative. But at the end I couldn't help feeling that it was ultimately just a clever shtetl boiler.

About *The Crystal Singer* by Anne McCaffrey (Corgi, £1.75) I can tell you little beyond the fact that the first sentence is "Killashandra listened, the words like cold

The Stalking and The Talisman by Robert Faulcon from Arrow at £1.50 each. Volume 1 and 2 of the "Nighthunter" series, they feature one man's search for his wife and children who have been kidnapped by a sinister sect involved in the supernatural. *The Talisman* in particular contains plenty of nasty hauntings and evil deeds, with liberal doses of authentic-sounding magical love. The third book in the series is apparently due out later this year.

Lastly, *The Destroyers of Lan-Kern* by Peter Tremayne (Methuen, £6.95) is the second volume of a fantasy trilogy set in a Celtic



bombs dropping with leaden fatality into her frozen belly. Having never experienced a frozen belly, let alone had cold bombs dropped into it with leaden fatality, I was somehow deterred from reading further. The novel involves a singer who mines crystals from the dazzling mountain ranges of Ballybran, and it has already entered the best-seller lists. McCaffrey has always been a romantic, unsophisticated writer—the very name "Ballybran" has an air of fairytales homeliness—but I've always found her writing just a shade too twee and wholesome.

There's nothing twee or wholesome about

future world of slave rebellions, inhabited subterranean lands and ancient relics which are believed to hold the secret of the universe. Personally I have an unreasonable prejudice against anything involving the secret of the universe, but this traditional potpourri of fantasy ingredients is given a degree of distinctiveness by the author's knowledge of the Celtic past. But why do these barbarian world stories always contain sentences like "His grey eyes narrowed as he ran a hand through his long raven-black hair"? I'd like to see the occasional warrior who suffers from short-sightedness or creeping baldness.

THE HAUNTING



In the 1983 *Starburst Annual*, sub-titled "Classics of the Horror Film", *The Haunting* (1963) rated only one paragraph. "Also a ghost story was Robert Wise's ponderous and pretentious film, *The Haunting*. The picture contains some of the best moments in horror films. These moments are probably a legacy from Wise's Lewton days. He concentrates on the unseen horrors, relying on the old concept that what the mind imagines is far more harrowing than what the screen can show. The cast—Richard Johnson, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom and Russ Tamblyn—are trapped in a perfunctory haunted house story. But it is the handling of the tale that elevates it to classic status."

The Haunting is probably the best ghost movie ever produced, but that is not to say the film is without faults. It is a film that faded fast from the memories of those who saw it on its original release. It has appeared on television all too infrequently, and mainstream film critics have tended to minimise its quality with faint praise. Britain's official film oracle, the imposing Leslie Halliwell, kindly rated the movie one star in the apocryphal "Film Guide" and added, "Quite frightening but exhausting and humourless melodrama with a lot of suspense, no visible spooks, and not enough plot for its length. The wide screen is a disadvantage." The reader could be forgiven for thinking this is a negative review. But Halliwell has actually listed the film's strengths rather than its weaknesses. Whether this was intentionally confusing remains to be documented, though in the interests of accuracy, "quite frightening" should be amended to "extremely frightening."

The script is fairly faithful to the original novel by Shirley Jackson. "The Haunting of Hill House". The novel stresses ambiguity and, like the movie, presents the audience with several possible explanations for the events that take place during our heroes' visit. Much background material from the novel is glossed over in Nelson Gidding's script, giving the film the air of some one telling you only some of the story. This probably helps the audience experience some of the confusion being felt by the members of the cast, as the atmosphere in Hill House gets weirder!

"An evil old house, the kind some people call haunted, is like an undiscovered country, waiting to be explored. Hill House has stood for ninety years, and might stand for ninety more. Silence lay steadily against the wood and stone of Hill House. But whatever walked there . . . walked alone." Dr John Markway (Richard Johnson).

The story opens with a recap of the events of those preceding ninety years. The house was built by a tyrannical, God-fearing, self-made man, Hugh Crain. His wife was killed the day she moved to Hill House, her carriage crashing into a tree a few hundred yards from the house. Hugh Crain's daughter Abigail was raised and lived in the house accompanied, in her later years, by a paid companion. Abigail Crain died when her cries for help were ignored by the companion, who was elsewhere in the house, dallying with a village lout. The companion inherited Hill House, but within months of moving in, had committed suicide, by climbing to the top of a precarious spiral staircase-to-nowhere in the library and hanging herself. One of the first disturbing images in the film is the shot of the companion climbing the staircase with rope, hangman's noose and all, coiled neatly on a silver platter.

Hill House is built in the image of its first owner's mind. It is a twisted labyrinth of crazy corridors, irregular rooms, and doors that swing open and shut, apparently under their own power. To say that Hill House is a scary place would be to show remarkable restraint.

Director Robert Wise finally found just the house he was looking for a little south of Stratford-Upon-Avon. He enhanced the menace of the building by shooting it from strange angles and by using infra-red filters on his camera to increase the contrast between the sky and the brickwork. All the exterior shots of the house have an unsettling nightmarish quality. Interestingly, the interior of Hill House is almost jolly in a gloomy, Victorian kind of way. No cobwebs, no rats, no human skeletons. Just a creepy caretaker, Mr Dudley (Valentine Dyall), and his creepier wife, played by Rosalie Crutchley, and guests on their way.

"No one lives any closer than town. No one will come any closer than that. So no one will hear you if you scream. In the night. In the dark."
Mrs Dudley (Rosalie Crutchley).

The story proper gets under way with the arrival of Dr John Markway (Richard Johnson) and his flock. The first to arrive is Eleanor Vance (Julie Harris), a neurotic virgin type, played in the grand over-the-top style of Linda Grey of *Dallas*. She was chosen by Markway because of a poltergeist incident when she was a child. Eleanor is obviously still dominated by her late mother, feels guilty because, like the paid companion of Abigail Crain, her mind was on other (more innocent) things at a crucial moment and her mother died. Now more than anything else, Eleanor wants to make a new start and begin her life afresh.

Eleanor is soon joined by Theodora ("Just Theodora"), played by Claire Bloom in kinky black jump suits, black boots and a pound and a half of gold chain. Theo was picked out because she is an esp-er. She shows off occasionally by answering questions that people haven't asked. She spots Eleanor's confused state immediately and begins to tease her. At the same time, it is heavily hinted that Theo's interest in Eleanor is more carnal than sibling-like affection.

Into this complicated situation strides the capable and authoritative Dr John Markway, an anthropologist whose one riding passion is to prove that there is life beyond death. Eleanor is soon making sheep's eyes at Markway, who is friendly but otherwise unresponsive. Eleanor mistakes his assured fatherly manner for attraction and fantasises, in the irritating voice-over, about setting up a home with him.



The last member of the expedition is a young, wealthy layabout, Luke Sannerson (Russ Tamblyn), who is to inherit the house one day and who is along to "protect his interest in this desirable property". Every ghost story must have a sceptic and Russ Tamblyn makes that role his own as a real-estate conscious smart-alec who mixes good martinis.

Once the cast is assembled, Robert Wise gets on with the task of scaring the audience witless, a job at which he excels. Wise began his career in Hollywood as an editor. One of his earliest jobs was helping to edit Orson Welles' cinema classic, *Citizen Kane*. He soon fell in with producer Val Lewton and had a hand in editing some classics of the horror film. He graduated to director in 1944 with *Mademoiselle Fifi* and made *The Curse of the Cat People* for Lewton in the same year. Among his other credits are: *The Body Snatcher* (1945), *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951), *West Side Story* (1961), *The Sound of Music* (1965) and *The Andromeda Strain* (1970).

"A closed mind is the worst defence against the supernatural." Dr John Markway (Richard Johnson).

The first set piece has Markway and Luke lured out of the house by a non-existent dog. Meanwhile, Eleanor and Theo are terrified as an unseen, heavy-footed prowler yells unheard obscenities at a ghostly child, snuffles around the locked bedroom door, then in a fit of temper, pounds the door with what sounds like a battering ram. The sequence is prolonged and full of red herrings. Just when the audience thinks the

too seriously. She insists that she experience the disturbances first hand and makes a bee-line for the source of the disturbances—the nursery, where Abigail Crain spent her life. She won't hear of sleeping anywhere else, and refuses her husband's offer to stay with her. Their relationship is portrayed as being strained and it is almost suggested that if Markway could get out of the marriage, he would.

"Doc... I'll let you have the house cheap!" Luke Sannerson (Russ Tamblyn).

The original four gather in the parlour while Grace Markway unpacks in the nursery. Their banter and bickering is interrupted when the footsteps and the voice start anew. Markway is concerned for his wife but is restrained by Luke who has realised that the noises are coming from their floor, not the floor above. The footsteps reach the door of the parlour. This time the door is almost shaken off its hinges by whatever is outside. Then, incredibly, the door bulges inward, buckling as though it were made from rubber. The effect is quite terrifying. The cast gape in disbelief, as well they might.

Taking advantage of the others' distraction, Eleanor nips out of another door to surrender herself to the will of the house. ("It's me it wants!") She ends up in the library and, like her predecessor, climbs the precarious spiral staircase to nowhere. The others arrive as she nears the top and Markway climbs after her. The suspense is kept taut as a violin string as Markway negotiates the treacherous staircase in a bid to rescue Eleanor. Just as Markway reaches her, Eleanor catches a glimpse of a wild-looking Grace Markway

Grace Markway has taken her place. In a fit of annoyance, Eleanor starts her car and drives too fast towards the locked gates of Hill House. The others give chase and for a few moments it seems as if an unseen something is trying to wrest the steering wheel out of Eleanor's grip. The car hurtles to where the first Mrs Crain met her death. At the last moment, Grace Markway jumps out from behind the tree and Eleanor's car crashes, killing the driver outright.

Several explanations for the events are offered by each surviving cast member, but Wise never allows any rationalisation to sound more convincing than the longed-for supernatural explanation.

"It should be burned down and the ground sowed with salt!" Luke Sannerson (Russ Tamblyn).

With *The Haunting*, the keyword would seem to be "unease". Robert Wise never yanks open a cupboard with a monster in it nor rushes up to you waving his arms and yelling "Boo!" Only once or twice does he resort to using sudden cutting or loud bursts of music to make the audience jump. But more subtly he works on the viewer's unconscious fears, simple fears like fear of heights, fear of the dark and fear of loss of identity. Then, when he thinks the audience is softened up enough, he lets fly with a barrage of supernatural events. The formula, intentional or not, is highly effective. And yes, Mr Halliwell, it is exhausting.

It would seem as though Wise decided that the more believable *The Haunting* was, the more it would scare its audience. He would also appear to have been aware that if you show your bogeyman to the audience and he isn't sufficiently horrible, you risk the laughter of the viewers. Far safer to go with creepy noises and an unseen, animal-like creature beyond a stout oak door which is only just strong enough to keep it out.

In *Dance Macabre*, horror author Steven King calls this the "10 foot bug" approach. He claims that if you have a character open a door in a horror film and standing there is a ten foot bug, the audience will breathe a sigh of relief and say "It's a ten foot bug. Thank goodness it wasn't a hundred foot bug!" And if it's a hundred foot bug the audience will be grateful that it wasn't a thousand foot bug. Wise decides that it is safest not to open the door at all, and we never find out how big *The Haunting's* bug is. Do we care? That will probably vary between individuals. For my money, Wise made the right choice.

"Hill House has stood for ninety years and it might stand for ninety more. Within its walls continue upright, bricks meet, floors are firm. And doors are sensibly shut. Silence lies steadily against the wood and stone of Hill House. And we who walk here... walk alone." Eleanor Vance (Julie Harris) ●

The Haunting (1963)

Julie Harris (as Eleanor), Claire Bloom (Theodora), Richard Johnson (Dr John Markway), Russ Tamblyn (Luke Sannerson), Fay Compton (Mrs Sannerson), Rosalie Crutchley (Mrs Dudley), Lois Maxwell (Grace Markway), Valentine Dyall (Dudley), Diane Clare (Carrie Fredericks), Ronald Adam (Eldridge Harper), Freda Knorr (second Mrs Crain). Produced and directed by Robert Wise, Screenplay by Nelson Gidding, from the novel "The Haunting of Hill House" by Shirley Jackson, Photographed by David Boulton, Music by Humphrey Steele, Production design by Elliot Scott. Time: 112 mins Black and white



nightmare is over, it starts again. Using only sound effects, Wise manages to make the viewer feel just as limp and helpless as the two female victims. By the time Markway and Luke get back from their wild goosechase, the disturbance is over—and they didn't hear any of it.

There are a few other incidents which are less convincing than, with the unexpected arrival of Markway's wife, Grace (Lois Maxwell), the events shift into high gear and it's a rollercoaster ride to the last reel. Grace does not take her husband's word

through the skylight above her and passes out, accompanied by the audience who weren't expecting such a sneaky trick from Wise.

"Journeys end in lovers meeting." Eleanor Vance (Julie Harris).

Grace is still at large when Markway and the others pack Eleanor into her car and make her head home. Eleanor is confused and angry. The house wants her, she insists.



RETURN OF THE JEDI

This month's interview with Jedi director Richard Marquand was only a taster of the coverage to come on the third in the Star Wars series. Be here next month for more of the same. You won't be disappointed.

